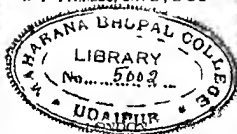


THE IDYLLS OF
THEOCRITUS
AND THE
ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
VERSE BY

C S CALVERLEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
R Y TYRRELL, Litt D, DCL



G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

1913



CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION BY R. I. TYRELL LITT D. D. CL

PAGES
vii

THEOCRITUS

PREFACE	xxx
IDYLL 1 THE DEATH OF DAPHNIS	1
II THE SORCERESS	6
III THE SERENADE	10
IV THE HERDSMEN	18
V THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS	2
VI THE DRAWN BATTLE	39
VII HARVEST HOME	4
VIII THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS	50
IX PASTORALS	58
X THE TWO WORKMEN	61
XI THE GIANT'S WOOING	6
XII THE COMRADES	69
XIII HYLAS	72
XIV THE LOVE OF ÆSCHINES	77
XV THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS	83
XVI THE VALUE OF SONG	92
XVII THE PRAISE OF PTOLEMY	98
XVIII THE BRIDAL OF HELLAS	104
XIX LOVE STEALING HONEY	110
XX TOWN AND COUNTRY	111
XXI THE FISHERMEN	114
XXII THE SONS OF LEDA	119

IDYLL XXIII	LOVE AVENGED
XXIV	THE INFANT HERACLES
XXV	HERACLES THE LION SLAYER
XXVI	THE BACCHANALS
XXVII	A COUNTRYMAN'S WOOING
XXVIII	THE DISTAFF
XXIX	LOVES
XXX	THE DEATH OF ADONIS
XXXI	LOVES

FRAGMENT FROM THE BERENICE

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES

ECLOGUE I

II

III

IV

V

VI

VII

VIII

IX

X

INTRODUCTION.

IT was a happy thought to publish in a form separate from the whole works of Calverley, his translation of the Idylls of Theocritus and the Eclogues of Virgil. Perhaps no poems which have come down to us from the ancient world—certainly none of the comparatively small compass which the Idylls and the Eclogues embrace—have more completely won their way into the minds and hearts of British readers. Only ten Greek books were printed before Aldus began his fruitful labours, and only two of them were poets. Those two were Homer and Theocritus. In many respects they may be called the Alpha and Omega of Greek poetry. Though the Syracusan singer cannot claim a niche in the Temple of Fame as majestic as that of the incomparable Chian, yet it

istic specimen of the consummate art of the poet and of the taste and skill of the translator, I would point to the passage where Simaetha describes to her handmaid Thestylis the first visit of the young athlete whom she had summoned to cure her love sickness

Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love
 He bent his pitiless eyes on me looked down
 And sate him on my couch and sitting said
 'Thou hast gained on me Simaetha (even as I
 Gained once on young Philinus in the race)
 Bidding me hither ere I came unasked

Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love
 'For I had come by Eros I had come
 This night with comrades twain or may be more
 The frutage of the Wine god in my robe
 And wound about my brow with ribanda red
 The silver leaves so dear to Heracles

Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love
 "Had ye said 'Enter,' well for mid my peers
 High is my name for goodness and speed
 I had kissed that sweet mouth once and gone my way
 But had the door been barred and I thrust out
 With brand and axe would we have stormed ye then

Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love
 "Now be my thanks recorded first to Love
 Next to thee maiden, who didst pluck me out
 A half burned helpless creature from the flames
 And badst me hither It is Love that lights
 A fire more fierce than has of Lapara,

(Bethink thee mistress Moon, whence came my love)

charm of the Greek, to a great extent lost in Virgil's eighth eclogue, which, however contains the prettiest passage in the eclogues, the finest lines in Virgil in the opinion of Macaulay, describing a boy's love at first sight.

Within our orchard walls I saw thee first
A wee child with her mother—(I was sent
To guide you)—gathering apples wet with dew
Ten years and one I scarce had numbered then;
Could scarce on tip-toe reach the brittle boughs,
I saw I felt I was myself no more
Begin my flute a song of Arcady

Now know I what love is. On hard rocks born
Tmaros or Rhodope or they who dwell
In utmost Africa do father him
No child of mortal blood or lineage
Begin my flute a song of Arcady

Damon's song deploras the fickleness of a woman. Naturally the song of Alphesiboeus is more suggestive of Theocritus, since its theme is the same, the unfaithfulness of a lover. This is more like the *Pharmacutria*

Be his such longing as the heifer feels,
When faint with seeking her lost mate through copse
And deepest grove, beside some water-brook

INTRODUCTION

In the green grass she sinks in her despair
 Nor cares to yield possession to the night.
 He has such longing none no wish to heal
 Bring songs bring Daphnia from the city home

More steeped in the spirit of Theocritus is a modern poem, the *Sister Helen* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The Little Brother plays a more important part than Thestylis, and enhances the tragic gloom of the picture. Helen is even more implacable than Simvetha, as the following extracts from the poem will show:

"For three days now he has lain abed
Sister Helen,
 And he prays to torment to be dead
 "The thing may change if he have prayed
Little Brother"
(O Mother Mary Mother
If he have prayed between Hell and Heaven!)
 'But he says till you take back your ban
Sister Helen,
 His soul would pass but never can
 Nay then shall I slay a living man
Little Brother!"
(O Mother Mary Mother
A living soul between Hell and Heaven!)
 "But he calls for ever on your name
Sister Helen,
 And says that he melts before a flame."

“My heart for his pleasure fired the same,
 Little Brother”
(O Mother Mary Mother,
Fire at the heart between Hell and Heaven’)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne"
"What else he broke will he ever join
Little Brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother
Oh never more, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He yields you these and cries full fain
Sister Helen
That you pardon him in his mortal pain."
"What else he took will he give again,
Little Brother?"
"O Mother, May Mother,
No more, no more between Hell and Heaven,"

"He calls your name in an agony
Sister Helen
That even dead Love must weep to see"
"Hate born of Love is blind as he,
Little Brother"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Love turned to Hate, between Hell and Heaven')

I have dwelt at length on the *Pharmaceutria* because it stirred Virgil to an imitation of it, and because it is one of the finest poems ever written—a *vignette* of

the most exquisite finish. Readers should note especially, not only the passages which I have quoted, but also the grand lines (35-40) in which we are told that the incantation is performed at the dead of night, when the voices of the sea and the winds are hushed, and only the baying of hounds in the town is heard, at the approach of the dread goddess Hecate, standing at the cross roads, and Thestylis is bidden to sound the gong which will drive evil spirits away. Also, especial attention should be directed to the description of the two athletes coming from the palaestra. The poem is a masterpiece from the first line with its abrupt appeal to Thestylis for the laurel leaves and other appurtenances of the black art, to the last in which she invokes the stars as pursuivants of the car of stilly Night.

The most thoroughly pastoral of all the poems is the seventh, the *Thalysia* or *Harvest Home*, which, to use the poet's own words, 'reeks of lush Summer and fruit laden Fall.' But while the singer revels in the pears and apples and damsons that roll at his feet, he cannot forbear a sneer at the wretched rivalries which agitated the literary coteries of Alexandria.

I hate your boulders who would rear a house
 High as Oromedon's mountain pinnacle
 I hate your song birds too whose cuckoo-cry
 Struggles (in vain) to match the Chuan bird.

It is an interesting passage, and from it we may fairly infer that the poet saw the essential difference between himself and his merely imitative Alexandrine rivals, which is so beautifully expressed by Mr Andrew Lang

Their critical activity in every field of literature was immense their original genius sterile. In them the intellect of the *Hellenes* still faintly glowed like embers on an altar that shed no light on the way. Yet over these embers the God poured once again the sacred oil and from the dull mass leaped like a many coloured flame the genius of Theocritus.

Idylls XIV and XV are probably taken from mimes of Sophron. The former tells excellently how Cynisca, the mistress of Aeschines, betrays at a drinking party her passion for Lycus, Wolf. She sat silent, and

Hast seen

A wolf? some wag said. Shrewdly guessed quoth she,
 And blushed—her blushes might have fired a torch.

Then a horse jobber or rough rider (*Knight* is hardly the word), who was present, cruelly sings a song "O Lycus mine," "O Wolf, my Wolf," when the poor

and Praxinoa at once on meeting fall to running down their respective husbands, when suddenly it occurs to Gorgo that the child knows what they are talking about, and she sets matters right with,

Gorgo Nay call not dear your lord your Deimon names
To the babe a face. Look how it stares at you!
There baby dear she never meant Papa
It understands by r Lady Dear Papa

But I own I was grieved to find what seems to me clear evidence that such scenes, in which women inveigh against their absent spouses, were part of the stock in trade of the mimographer, and were constantly reproduced. So also the reviling of servants by their mistresses, which appears in this idyll. I am sure that Theocritus has handled these scenes with an art altogether transcending that of his rivals but I had thought that they were the fruit of his own genius and invention. It is a pity that Herodas should have disabused us of a pleasing illusion, seeing that he has given us so little in exchange for it.

The Fishermen (XXI) is one of the few sunless and laughterless idylls. Here the singer no longer revels in woods, streams, and flowers, but we find

the same master hand painting the cabin by the gray sea where the wise old fishermen philosophize on life, its hardships and its consolations

The Countryman's Wooing (XXV II) is a gem, and has given to the vocabulary of French poetry a new word in its title, *oaristys*. Lines 31-32 give a good specimen of the happiness of the translation

The Maiden And bearing children all our grace destroys
Daphnis Bear them and shine more lustrous in your boys.

The semi-epical pieces are far less interesting, but they have furnished Tennyson with some beautiful passages. In the *Dioscouri* (XXII) in the description of the fight between *Amycus* and *Polydeuces*, we meet a very original figure

Broad were his shoulders vast his orb'd chest
 Like a wrought statue rose his iron frame
 And nigh the shoulder on each brawny arm
 Stood out the muscles high as rolling stones
 Caught by some rain-swollen river and shapen smooth
 By its wild eddyings.

The keenness of observation here displayed did not escape the not less observant eye of the great English poet, as is shown by this passage from *The Marriage of Geraint*

At last it chanced that on a summer morn
 (They sleeping each by other) the new sun
 Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,
 And heated the strong warrior in his dreams,
 Who moving cast the coverlet aside,
 And bared the knotted column of his throat,
 The massive square of his heroic breast,
 And arms on which the standing muscle slope d,
 As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
 Running too vehemently to break upon it.

Readers will remember Virgil's *somno mollior herba*, suggested by *μαλακώτερα ὕπνω* (applied by Theocritus to the coverings of the couch of Venus), as well as the picture in Tennyson's *Palace of Art* :

And o'er an English home—gray twilight pour'd
 On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
 Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
 A haunt of ancient Peace.

The details of the life of Theocritus have not come down to us. He flourished between 283 and 263 B.C., and lived chiefly in Cos and Syracuse, which was a city of great magnificence under the rule of the princely Hiero, in whom Theocritus seems to have found a far from generous patron. Syracuse often gave valuable aid to the arms of Rome, while her

INTRODUCTION

xx

inspired son was producing models destined to kindle the imagination of Rome's first, and only great, bucolic poet. Among the friends of Theocritus were Nicias a physician of Miletus and the physician's wife Theogenis or Thengenis, to whom he addresses the charming little poem (XXVIII) in choriambic measure entitled *The Distaff*. Other friends were Aratus, and his preceptors Philetas and Asclepiades. His visit to the Court of Alexandria seems to have been a failure, nor did he find favour at the Court of Hiero. He does not seem to have possessed the arts of the courtier. His two least effective poems are strained and stilted eulogies of Hiero and Ptolemy (XVI, XVII). Probably the taste of the time leaned more to the mythologic lore displayed in the Alexandrine revival of the Ionian epic than to the native wood notes wild of the Dorian singer. Alexandria was the proper sphere for a Callimachus, not for a Theocritus. He had no interest in the problems of life and the painful "riddle of the earth", and he was prone to look at the bright side of things. We may say of him, in his own words

But sometimes as in the fourth Idyll one of the brightest in the collection we meet the *lacrimae rerum*

Battus Sweet Amaryllis thou alone though dead art unforget.
Dearer than thou whose light is quenched my very goats are
not.

Oh for the all unkindly fate that a fallen to my lot!

Corydon Cheer up brave lad! to-morrow may ease thee of
thy pain

Aye for the living are there hopes past hoping are the slain
And now Zeus sends us sunshine and now he sends us rain.

He is touched by the pathos of the death of Amaryllis
and the saddest line in Theocritus is

Δαΐδες ἐν ζωῷ σὺν ἀνάλκτοισι θεοῖσι θανόντις

His political outlook is bounded by Hellas. He does
not even mention the city on the Tiber, which during
his own lifetime was fast strengthening her st
the island of his birth

There is little to add to what I have already
about the Eclogues of Virgil. This is not the place
to discuss the questions to which they give rise. For
instance, whether the poet was dispossessed of his
farm, and then reinstated, or who was the mysterious
infant foreshadowed in the *Pollis* eclogue. Irrespective
of such questions, immortality is reserved for such
lines as

INTRODUCTION

*Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has ægetes?*

and

Incepit parvæ puer non cognoscere matrem.

This delicate charm of style, as Horace calls it, is what puts the translator on his mettle. And Calverley has bounded to the touch of the spur. Not even Sir C. Bowen has more deftly caught the spirit of the eclogues. For the sake of comparison with Calverley's pretty version (Fol. viii. 40 ff.) given above, I quote one of Sir C. Bowen's happiest efforts.

*'Twas in our crofts I saw thee a girl thy mother beside,
Plucking the apples dewy myself thy pilot and guide
Years had I number'd eleven the twelfth was beginning to run
Scarce was I able to reach from the ground to the branches that
 snapp'd*

Ah when I saw how I perished! to fatal folly was rapt

*Now have I learn'd what Love is Among rocks savage and wild
Tmaros or Rhodope bare him or far Garamantis for child—
Mortal his lineage is not, nor human blood in his veins
Begin, my flute of the mountains with me my Maenalian strains.*

It is amusing to find in Virgil, the average schoolboy's implacable and truceless foe, what that schoolboy would probably call "a howler." Damon

(Ecl viii, 52-60) commenting on the unequal union between Mopsus and the faithless Nysa, prays that a similar unnatural change (like Nysa's perverse preference of Mopsus to himself) may take place throughout all nature, the wolf fleeing from the lamb, the tamarisk distilling amber, and so forth. He concludes with the words *omnia vel medium fiant mare*, "let earth become mid ocean." The acuteness of Elmsley saw that this was a mistranslation of Theocritus i, 184 πάντα δ' ἑναλλα γίνοιτο, a very similar passage, clearly present to Virgil's mind. But ἑναλλα means "topsy-turvy," which Virgil mistook for ἐνάλια, "marine." It is interesting to notice that he must have pronounced λλ as *ll* as is now pronounced in the Romance languages, something like *ly*. Thus the two words would be to him indistinguishable in sound. It is possible that in the same eclogue (line 64) *effe aquam* is a similar mistranslation of αἶψα τὸ νᾶμα, Theocritus iv, 27, where νᾶμα means not "water" but "yarn."

Admirable as are the translations of Calverley, I would venture to predict that his enduring fame will rest rather on his original compositions in *Verses and Translations* and in *Fly Leaves*. It is sad that Calverley

INTRODUCTION

never heard the late Sir Henry Irving recite, as the great actor did with a perfect feeling of the humour and irony of the piece, the *Gemini and Virgo*. Had he been allotted the common span of life, he might have enjoyed that pleasure. It was no small evidence of the native refinement of Irving that he was attracted by so chastened a piece, quite in the vein of *Præd* at his best. One does not often meet in such playful poems a stanza like the following, with its irresistible parenthesis

I did not love as others do
 (None ever did that I've heard tell of),
 My passion was a byword through
 The town she was of course the belle of

It is not long since an able writer in the *Quarterly* made a well written and well reasoned plea for Sir W. Gilbert, as deserving a very high place among our minor poets. The qualities on which he dwelt most strongly were the great felicity of diction and the perfect mastery of metre and rhyme. These are the very faculties which are most prominent in Calverley. But to both Gilbert and Calverley their humour and delicate irony were fatal. The British reader will not admit to the Valhalla of the poets one who is hardly

ever quite serious. Even Hood, many of whose poems are profoundly serious, was never permitted to pass that portal through which Gray passed with such a very thin volume under his arm.

There is a vein of pathos in Calverley. The tutor in *My Leaves*, communing with the locket, and surrounding it with romantic associations altogether the birth of his own imagination, is a pathetic figure. C. P. Mulvany had a deeply pathetic vein. He, the Dublin analogue of Calverley, had much of Calverley's humour, but not a tenth part of his scholarship. His most prominent Oxford rivals A. D. Godley, and A. T. Quiller Couch have a delightful vein of humour, but eschew the serious. Cambridge has been more prolific than Oxford of poets of the school of Calverley. He was known as Blayds at Harrow and Oxford, but it was at Cambridge that he first showed those faculties which have gained for him his present place in the world of letters. Owen Seaman, another Cambridge man, a winner of the Porson Prize, still keeps the flashlight of humour and irony ablaze in the pages of *Punch*.

The present volume does not show Calverley in his

most characteristic phase, but the reader will find the deftness and lightness of touch which have gained such widespread popularity for his *Verses and Translations* and his *Fly Leaves*. And many who perhaps know by heart several of the pieces in those two little books, will meet for the first time the masterly translations which form the present volume. The reader who consults the essay on metrical translations at the end of the collected *Works of Charles Stuart Calverley* will see what arduous restrictions he imposes on translators and will observe with what fidelity he conforms to the standard which he has erected.

Many graceful pens have paid their tribute to the charming singer of Sicily. The collected works of Calverley and the translation of Lang have preserved poems in his praise which are both beautiful and discriminating. We would fain add here a Villanelle by Oscar Wilde, a fine scholar and an ardent lover of Theocritus, taken from *Leaves from 'Hottabos'* ¹

O singer of Persephone
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?

¹ Printed by permission of Mr. Robert Ross

Still through the ivy sits the bee
Where Amaryllis lies in state,
O singer of Persephone!

Simaetha calls on Hecate
And hears the wild dogs at the gate,
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polyphemus bemoans his state,
O singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate,
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee
For thee the jocund shepherds wait,
O singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

R Y TYRRELL.

DUBLIN
April 1908.

THEOCRITUS.

PREFACE

I HAD intended translating all or nearly all these Idylls into blank verse, as the natural equivalent of Greek or of Latin hexameters, only deviating into rhyme where occasion seemed to demand it. But I found that other metres had their special advantages the fourteen syllable line in particular has that, among others, of containing about the same number of syllables as an ordinary line of Theocritus. And there is also no doubt something gained by variety.

Several recent writers on the subject have laid down that every translation of Greek poetry, especially bucolic poetry, must be in rhyme of some sort. But they have seldom stated, and it is hard to see, why. There is no rhyme in the original, and *prima facie* should be none in the translation. Professor Blackie has, it is

true, pointed out the "assonances, alliterations, and rhymes," which are found in more or less abundance in Ionic Greek * These may of course be purely accidental, like the hexameters in Livy or the blank-verse lines in Mr Dickens's prose but accidental or not (it may be said) they are there and ought to be recognised May we not then recognise them by introducing similar assonances, etc., here and there into the English version ? or by atoning ourselves of what Professor Blackie again calls attention to the "compensating powers" † of English ? I think with him that it was hard to speak of our language as one which "transforms boots *megalois boonen* into 'great ox's hide'" Such phrases as 'The Lord is a man of war,' 'The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,' are to my ear quite as grand as Homer and it would be equally fair to ask what we are to make of a language which transforms Milton's line into *ἡ σάλπιγξ οὐ προσέφη τὸν ἐπλισμένον ὄχλον* ‡ But be this as it may, these phenomena are surely too

rare and too arbitrary to be adequately represented by any regularly recurring rhyme and the question remains, what is there in the unrhymed original to which rhyme answers?

To me its effect is to divide the verse into couplets, triplets, or (if the word may include them all) *stanzas* of some kind. Without rhyme we have no apparent means of conveying the effect of stanzas. There are of course devices such as repeating a line or part of a line at stated intervals, as is done in 'Tears, idle tears' and elsewhere but clearly none of these would be available to a translator. Where therefore he has to express stanzas, it is easy to see that rhyme may be admissible and even necessary. Pope's couplet may (or may not) stand for elegiacs, and the *In Memoriam* stanza for some one of Horace's metres. Where the heroines of Virgil's *Eclogues* sing alternately four lines each, Gray's quatrain seems to suggest itself and where a similar case occurs in these *Idylls* (as for instance in the ninth) I thought it might be met by taking whatever received English stanza was nearest the required length. Pope's couplet again may possibly best convey the pomposity of some *Idylls* and the

PREFACE

xiix

point of others. And there may be divers considerations of this kind. But, speaking generally, where the translator has not to intimate stanzas—where he has on the contrary to intimate that there are none—rhyme seems at first sight an intrusion and a *suggestio falsi*.

No doubt (as has been observed) what 'Pastorals' we have are mostly written in what is called the heroic measure. But the reason is, I suppose, not far to seek. Dryden and Pope wrote 'heroics,' not from any sense of their fitness for bucolic poetry, but from a sense of their universal fitness and their followers copied them. But probably no scholar would affirm that any poem, original or translated, by Pope or Dryden or any of their school, really resembles in any degree the bucolic poetry of the Greeks. Mr. Morris, whose poems appear to me to resemble it more almost than anything I have ever seen, of course writes what is technically Pope's metre, and equally of course is not of Pope's school. Whether or no Pope and Dryden intended to resemble the old bucolic poets in style is, to say the least, immaterial. If they did not, there is no reason whatever why any of us

who do should adopt their metre: if they did and failed, there is every reason why we should select a different one.

Professor Conington has adduced one cogent argument against blank verse: that is, that hardly any of us can write it.* But if this is so—if the ‘blank verse’ which we write is virtually prose in disguise—the addition of rhyme would only make it rhymed prose, and we should be as far as ever from “verse really deserving the name.”† Unless (which I can hardly imagine) the mere incident of ‘terminal consonance’ can constitute that verse which would not be verse independently, this argument is equally good against attempting verse of any kind: we should still be writing disguised, and had better write undisguised, prose. Prose translations are of course tenable, and are (I am told) advocated by another very eminent critic. These considerations against them occur to one: that, among the characteristics of his original which the translator is bound to preserve, one is that he wrote metrically; and that the prattle which passes

* Preface to Conington's *Æneid*, page ix.

† *Ibid.*

muster, and sounds perhaps rather pretty than otherwise, in metre, would in plain prose be insufferable. Very likely some exceptional sort of prose may be meant, which would dispose of all such difficulties: but this would be harder for an ordinary writer to evolve out of his own brain, than to construct any species of verse for which he has at least a model and a precedent.

These remarks are made to show that my metres were not selected, as it might appear, at hap-hazard. Metre is not so unimportant as to justify that. For the rest, I have used Briggs's edition * (*Pœtæ Dacotici Oræni*), and have never, that I am aware of, taken refuge in any various reading where I could make any sense at all of the text as given by him. Sometimes I have been content to put down what I felt was a wrong rendering rather than omit, but only in cases where the original was plainly corrupt, and all suggested emendations seemed to me hopelessly wide of the mark. What, for instance, may be the true

* Since writing the above lines I have had the advantage of seeing Mr Paley's *Theocritus*, which was not out when I made my version.

meaning of βολβός τις κοχλίας in the fourteenth Idyll I have no idea. It is not very important. And no doubt the sense of the last two lines of the "*Death of Adonis*" is very unlikely to be what I have made it. But no suggestion that I met with seemed to me satisfactory or even plausible and in this and a few similar cases I have put down what suited the context. Occasionally also, as in the Idyll here printed last—the one lately discovered by Bergk, which I elucidated by the light of Fritzsche's conjectures—I have availed myself of an opinion which Professor Conington somewhere expresses, to the effect that, where two interpretations are tenable, it is lawful to accept for the purposes of translation the one you might reject as a commentator. τερρορ, ιος has I dare say nothing whatever to do with 'quartan fever.'

On one point, rather a minor one, I have ventured to dissent from Professor Blackie and others—namely, in retaining the Greek, instead of adopting the Roman, nomenclature. Professor Blackie says* that there are some men by whom "it is esteemed a grave offence to call Jupiter Jupiter," which begs the question and

* BLACKIE'S *Homer*, Preface pp. xii., xiii.

Against this hill-slope in the tamarisk shade,
And pipe me somewhat, while I guard thy goats.

GOATHERD

I darst not, Shepherd, O I darst not pipe
At noontide, fearing Pan, who at that hour
Rests from the toils of hunting Harsh is he;
Wrath at his nostrils aye sits sentinel
But, Thyrsis, thou canst sing of Daphnis' woes;
High is thy name for woodland minstrelay.
Then rest we in the shadow of the elm
Fronting Priapus and the Fountain nymphs.
There, where the oaks are and the Shepherd's seat,
Sing as thou sang'st erewhile, when matched with him
Of Libya, Chromis, and I'll give thee, first,
To milk, ay thrice, a goat—she suckles twins,
Yet ne'ertheless can fill two milkpails full,—
Next, a deep drinking-cup, with sweet wax scoured,
Two handled, newly-carven, smacking yet
O' the chisel. Ivy reaches up and climbs
About its lip, gilt here and there with sprays
Of woodbine, that entwined about it flaunts
Her saffron frutage. Framed therein appears
A damsel ('tis a miracle of art)
In robe and snood and suitors at her side
With locks fair-flowing, on her right and left,

Battle with words that fail to reach her heart
She, laughing, glances now on this, flings now
Her chance regards on that they, all for love
Wearied and eye swoln find their labour lost
Carven elsewhere an ancient fisher stands
On the rough rocks thereto the old man with pains
Drags his great casting net as one that toils
Full stontly every fibre of his frame
Seems fishing, so about the gray beard a neck
(In might a youngster yet) the sinews swell
Hard by that wave beat sire a vineyard bends
Beneath its graceful load of burnished grapes,
A hoy sits on the rude fence watching them
Near him two foxes down the rows of grapes
One ranging steals the ripeat one assails
With wiles the poor lad's scrip to leave him soon
Stranded and supperless He plants meanwhile
With ears of corn a right fine cricket trap,
And fits it on a rush for vines for scrip,
Little he cares, enamoured of his toy

The cup is hung all round with fessom briar,
Triumph of Æolian art, a wondrous sight
It was a ferryman's of Calydon
A goat it cost me and a great white cheese
Ne'er yet my lips came near it, virgin still
It stands And welcome to such boon art thou,

If for my sake thou'lt sing that lay of lays
 I jest not up, lad, sing no songs thou'lt own
 In the dim land where all things are forgot

THYRSIS [*sings*]

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

The voice of Thyrsis Ætna's Thyrsis I

Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis
 pined?

In fair Peneus' or in Pindus' glens?

For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,

Nor Ætna's cliff nor Acis' sacred rill

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him,

The lion in the oak-cope mourned his death

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

The kine and oxen stood around his feet,

The heifers and the calves wailed all for him

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,

"Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whom lov'at thou so?"

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

Came hardsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came,

All asked what ailed the lad Priapus came

And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis? while the maid

Foots it round every pool and every grove,

(Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song)

"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee,
Herdsmen in name, but goatherd rightlier called
With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids
Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they.

(Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song)

"With eyes that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh
Of maidens, for thou mayst not share their glee"
Still naught the herdsman said he drained along
His bitter portion, till the fatal end

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

Came Aphrodite, smiles on her sweet face,
False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake,
"So, Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love!
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee"

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

Then "Ruthless Aphrodite," Daphnis said,
"Accursed Aphrodite, foe to man!
Say'st thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set?
Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe"

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

"Fly to Mount Ida, where the swain (men say)
And Aphrodite—to Anchises fly
There are oak forests, here but galingale,
And bees that make a music round the hives

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

" Adonis owed his bloom to tending flocks
And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

" Face once more Diomed tell him ' I have slain
The herdsmen Daphnis, now I challenge thee '

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

" Farewell, wolf, jackal, mountain prisoned bear!
Ye'll see no more by grove or glade or glen
Your herdsmen Daphnis! Arethuse farewell,
And the bright streams that pour down Thymbris' side

Begin, sweet Maids begin the woodland song

" I am that Daphnis, who lead here my kine,
Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song

" Pan, Pan, oh whether great Lyceum's crags
Thou hauntest to day, or mightier Mounains,
Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now
Phaon and Helicé, and the mountain cairn
(That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song

" Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey breathing, arch thy lip
For surely I am torn from life by Love

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song

" From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,

And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong;
For Daphnis dies Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain-owls outsing the nightingale

Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song "

So spake he, and he never spake again
Fain Aphrodité would have raised his head;
But all his thread was spun So down the stream
Went Daphnis: closed the waters o'er a head
Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved

Now give me goat and cup, that I may milk
The one, and pour the other to the Muse
I are ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell!
I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to be.

GOATHEED

Thyrsis, let honey and the honeycomb
Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Ægilus.
For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song.
Here is the cup mark, friend, how sweet it smells:
The Hours, thou'lt say, have washed it in their well.
Hither, Cissutha! Thou, go milk her! Kids,
Be steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram.

IDYLL II

The Sorceress.

WHERE are the bay-leaves, Thestylis, and the charms†

Fetch all, with fiery wool the caldron crown,
Let glamour win me back my false lord's heart!
Twelve days the wretch hath not come nigh to me,
Nor made enquiry if I die or live,
Nor clamoured (oh unkindness!) at my door.
Sure his swift fancy wanders elsewhere,
The slave of Aphrodite and of Love.
I'll off to Tymagetus' wrestling-school
At dawn, that I may see him and denounce
His doings, but I'll charm him now with charms.
So shine out fair, O moon! To thee I sing
My soft low song to thee and Hecate
The dweller in the shades, at whose approach
E'en the dogs quake, as on she moves through blood
And darkness and the barrows of the slain
All hail, dread Hecate! companion me

Unto the end, and work me witcheries
Potent as Circe or Medea wrought,
Or Perimedè of the golden hair!

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love
First we ignite the grain Nay, pile it on
Where are thy wits flown, timorous Thestylis?
Shall I be flouted, I, by such as thou?
Pile, and still say, 'This pile is of his bones'

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love
Delphis racks me I burn him in these bays
As, flame enkindled, they lift up their voice,
Blaze once, and not a trace is left behind
So waste his flesh to powder in yon fire!

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love
E'en as I melt, not uninspired, the wax,
May Muidian Delphis melt this hour with love
And, swiftly as this brazen wheel whirls round,
May Aphrodité whirl him to my door

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love
Next burn the husha Holl's adamantine floor
And aught that else stands firm can Artemis move
Thestylis, the hounds bay up and down the town
The goddess stands i' the crossroads sound the gongs

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love
Hushed are the voices of the winds and seas,
But O not hushed the voice of my despair

He burns my being up, who left me here
No wife, no maiden, in my misery

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love
Thrice I pour out, speak thrice, sweet mistress, thus
"What face sos'er hangs o'er him he forgot
Clean as, in Dia, Theseus (legends say)
Forgot his Ariadne's locks of love"

Turn, magic wheel draw homeward him I love
The coltsfoot grows in Arcady, the weed
That drives the mountain colts and swift mares wild
Like them may Delphis rave so maniac wise,
I'ace from his burnished brethren home to me

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love
He lost this tassel from his robe which I
Shred thus, and cast it on the raging flames
Ah baleful Love! why like the marsh born leech,
Clung to my flesh, and drain my dark veins dry?

Turn magic wheel draw homeward him I love
From a crushed elf to-morrow he shall drink
Death! But now, Thestylis take these herbs and smear
That threshold o'er, whereto at heart I cling
Still, still—albeit he thinks scorn of me—
And spit, and say, 'Tis Delphis' bones I smear'

Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love

[Exit Thestylis]

Now, all alone, I'll weep a love whence sprung
When born? Who wrought my sorrow? Anaxo came,
Her basket in her band, to Artemis' grove
Bound for the festival, troops of forest beasts
Stood round, and in the midst a lioness

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love
Theucharidas' slave, my Thracian nurse now dead
Then my near neighbour, prayed me and implored
To see the pageant I, the poor doomed thing,
Went with her, trailing a fine silken train,
And gathering round me Clearista's robe

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love
Now, the mid highway reached by Lycon's farm,
Delphis and Eudamippus passed me by
With beards as lustrous as the woodbine's gold
And breasts more sheeny than thyself, O Moon,
Fresh from the wrestler's glorious toil they came

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love
I saw, I raved, amit (weaking) to my heart
My beauty withered, and I cared no more
For all that pomp, and how I gained my home
I know not some strange fever wasted me
Ten nights and days I lay upon my bed

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love
And wan became my flesh, as't had been dyed,
And all my hair streamed off, and there was left

But honee and aken Whose threshold crossed I not,
 Or misse'd what grandam's hut who dea't in charms'
 For no light thing was this, and time sped on

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love
 At last I spake the truth to that my maid

" Seek, an thou canst, some cure for my sore pain
 Alas, I am all the Mindman a ! But begone,
 And watch by Timagetus' wrestling school
 There doth he haunt, there soothly take his rest.

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love
 " Find him alone and softly say, 'she waits',
 And bring him ' So I spake she went her way,
 And brought the lustrous limbed one to my roof
 And I, the instant I beheld him step
 Lightfooted o'er the threshold of my door,

(Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love,)
 Became all cold like snow and from my brow
 Brake the damp dewdrops utterance I had none,
 Not e'en such utterance as a babe may make
 That babbles to its mother in its dreams,
 But all my fair frame stiffened into wax

Bethink thee mistress Moon, whence came my love.
 He bent his pitiless eyes on me, looked down,
 And sate him on my couch, and sitting, said
 " Thou hast gained on me, Smætha, (e'en as I
 Gained once on young Philinus in the race,)

Bidding me hither ere I came unasked

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love

"For I had come, by Eros I had come,

This night, with comrades twain or may be more,

The fruitage of the Wine god in my robe,

And, wound about my brow with ribands red,

The silver leaves so dear to Heracles

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love

"Had ye said 'Enter,' well for, 'mid my peers

High is my name for goodness and speed

I had kissed that sweet mouth once and gone my way

But had the door been barred, and I thrust out,

With brand and axe would we have stormed ye then

Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love

'Now be my thanks recorded, first to Love,

Next to thee, maiden, who didst pluck me out,

A half burned helpless creature, from the flames,

And hadst me hither It is Love that lights

A fire more fierce than his of Lipara

(Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love)

"Scares, mischief mad, the maiden from her bower,

The bride from her warm couch' He spake and I,

A willing listener, sat, my hand in his,

Among the cushions, and his cheek touched mine,

Each hotter than its wont, and we discoursed

In soft low language Need I prate to thee,

Sweet Moon, of all we said and all we did
 Till yesterday he found no fault with me,
 Nor I with him But lo, to day there came
 Philista's mother—here who flates to me—
 With her Melampo's, just when up the sky
Gallop the mares that chariot rose lumbered Down
 And divers tales she brought me with the rest
 How Delphus loved, she knew not rightly whom
 But this she knew, that of the rich wine-aye
 He poured 'to Love,' and at the last had fled,
 To her, she deemed, the fair one's halls with flowers
 Such was my visitor's tale, and it was true
 For thrice, nay four times, daily he would stroll
 Hither, leave here full oft his Dorian flask
 Now—'tis a fortnight since I saw his face
 Doth he then treasure something sweet elsewhere?
 Am I forgot? I'll charm him now with charms
 But let him try me more, and by the Fates
 He'll soon be knocking at the gates of hell
 Spells of such power are in this chest of mine,
 Learned, lady, from mine host in Palestine

Lady, farewell turn ocean ward thy steeds
 As I have purposed, so shall I fulfil
 Farewell, thou bright-faced Moon! Ye stars, farewell,
 That wait upon the car of noiseless Night

IDYLL III.

The Serenade.

I PIPE to Amaryllis while my goats,
Tityrus their guardian, browse along the fell
O Tityrus, as I love thee, feed my goats
And lead them to the spring, and Tityrus, 'ware
The lifted crest of yon gray Labyan ram

Ah winsome Amaryllis! Why no more
Greet'st thou thy darling, from the caverned rock
Peeping all coyly? Think'st thou scorn of him?
Hath a near view revealed him satyr-shaped
Of chin and nostril? I shall hang me soon
See here ten apples from thy favourite tree
I plucked them I shall bring ten more anon.
Ah witness my heart-anguish! Oh were I
A booming bee, to waft me to thy lair,
Threading the fern and ivy in whose depths
Thou nestlest! I have learned what Love is now:
Fell god, he drank the lioness's milk,
In the wild woods his mother cradled him,

Whose fire slow burns me, starting to the bone
 O thou whose glance is beauty and whose heart
 All marble O dark eyebrowed maiden mine!
 Chag to thy goatherd, let him kiss thy lips,
 For there is sweetness in an empty kiss
 Thou wilt not? Piecemeal I will rend the crown,
 The ivy-crown which, dear, I guard for thee,
 Inwov'n with scented par-ley and with flowers
 Oh I am desperate—what betides me, what?—
 Still art thou deaf? I'll doff my coat of skins
 And leap into yon waves, where on the watch
 For mackerel Oipia sits tho' I 'scape death,
 That I have all but died will pleasure thee
 That learned I when (I murmuring 'loves she me?')
 The *Love-in absence*, crushed, returned no sound,
 But shrank and shrivelled on my smooth young wrist
 I learned it of the sieve-divining crons
 Who gleaned behind the reapers yesterday.
 'Thou'rt wrapt up all,' Agras said, 'in her,
 She makes of none account her worshipper'

Lol a white goat, and twins, I keep for thee.
 Mermnon's lass covets them dark she is of skin:
 But yet hers be they, thou hut fooldest me

She cometh, by the quivering of mine eye
 I'll lean against the pine-tree here and sing
 She may look round she is not adamant

[Sings] Hippomenes, when he a maid would wed,
Took apples in his hand and on he sped
Famed Atalanta's heart was won by this,
She marked, and maddening sank in Love's abyss

From Othrys did the seer Melampus stray
To Pylos with his herd and lo there lay
In a swain's arms a maid of beauty rare,
Alphesiboea, wise of heart, she bare

Did not Adonis rouse to such excess
Of frenzy her whose name is Loveliness,
(He a mere lad whose wethers grazed the hill)
That, dead, he s pillowed on her bosom still?

Endymion sleeps the sleep that changeth not
And, maiden mine, I envy him his lot!
Envy Iasion's his it was to gain
Bliss that I dare not breathe in ears profane

My head aches What reck'st thou? I sing no
 more
E'en where I fell I'll be, until the wolves
Rend me—may that be honey in thy mouth!

IDYLL IV

The Herdsmen

BATTUS, CORYDON

BATTUS

WHO owns these cattle Corydon? Philondas?
Prythee say

CORYDON

No, Ægon and he gave them me to tend while he's
away

BATTUS

Dost milk them in the gloaming, when none is nigh
to see?

CORYDON

The old man brings the calves to suck, and keeps an
eye on me

BATTUS.

And to what region then hath flown the cattle's
rightful lord?

CORYDON

Hast thou not beard? With Milo he vanished Elys-
ward.

BATTUS.

How! was the wrestler's oil e'er yet so much as seen
by him?

CORYDON

Men say he rivals Heracles in lustiness of limb.

BATTUS

I'm Polydeuces' match (or so my mother says) and
more.

CORYDON.

—So off he started, with a spade, and of these owes a
score.

BATTUS

This Milo will be teaching wolves how they should
raven next

CORYDON

—And hy these bellowings his kine proclaim how sore
they're vexed.

IDYLL IV

BATTUS

Poor kine! they've found their master a sorry knave
indeed

CORYDON

They're poor enough, I grant you they have not
heart to feed

BATTUS

Look at that heifer! sure there's naught, save bare
bones, left of her
Pray, does she browse on dewdrops, as doth the
grassbopper?

CORYDON

Not she, by heaven! She pastures now by Æsarus'
glades,
And handfuls fair I pluck her there of young and
green grass-blades,
Now bounds about Latymnus, that gathering place of
shades.

BATTUS

That bull again, the red one, my word but he is lean!
I wish the Sybarite burgbers eye may offer to the
queen
Of heaven as pitiful a beast those burgbers are so
mean!

CORYDON

Yet to the Salt Lake's edges I drive him, I can swear,
Up Phrycus, up Neæthus' side—he lacks not victual
there,
With dittany and endive and foxglove for his fare

BATTUS

Well, well! I pity Ægon His cattle, go they must
To rack and ruin, all because vain glory was his lust
The pipe that erst he fashioned is doubtless scored
with rust?

CORYDON

Nay, by the Nymphs! That pipe he left to me, the
self same day
He made for Pisa I am too a minstrel in my way
Well the flute part in 'Pyrrhus' and in 'Glaucus' can
I play
I sing too '*Hers' to Croton*' and '*Zacynthus O 'tis
fair,*'
And '*Eastward to Lacinium*' —the braiser Milo there
His single self ate eighty loaves, there also did he pull
Down from its mountain dwelling, by one hoof grasped,
a bull,
And gave it Amaryllis the maidens screamed with
fright,
As for the owner of the bull he only laughed outright

BATTUS

Sweet Amaryllus! thou alone, though dead, art un-
forgot

Dearer than thou, whose light is quenched, my very
goats are not

Oh for the all-unkindly fate that 's fallen to my lot!

CORYDON

Cheer up, brave lad! to-morrow may ease thee of
thy pain

Aye for the living are there hopes, past hoping are
the slain

And now Zeus sends us sunshine, and now he sends
us rain

BATTUS

I'm better Beat those young ones off! E'en now
their teeth attack

That olive's shoots, the graceless brutes! Back, with
your white face, back!

CORYDON

Back to thy hill, Cymætha! Great Pan, how deaf
thou art!

I shall be with thee presently, and in the end thou'lt
smart

I warn thee keep thy distance Look, up she creeps
again!

Oh were my bare crook in my hand, I'd give it to her
then!

BATTUS

For heaven's sake, Corydon, look here! Just now a
bramble spike

Ran, there, into my instep—and oh how deep they
strike,

Those lancewood shafts! A murrain light on that
calf, I say!

I got it gaping after her Canst thou discern it, pray?

CORYDON

Ay, ay, and here I have it, safe in my finger nails

BATTUS

Eh! at how slight a matter how tall a warrior quails!

CORYDON

Ne'er range the hill crest, Battus, all sandal less and
bare

Because the thistle and the thorn lift aye their plume
beads there

BATTUS

—Say, Corydon, does that old man we wot of (tell
me please!)

Still haunt the dark browed little girl whom once he
used to tease?

CORYDON

Ay my poor boy, that doth he I saw them yesterday
Down by the byre, and, trust me, loving enough
were they

BATTUS

Well done, my veteran hight o' love! In deeming
thee mere man,

I wronged thy sire some Satyr he, or an uncount-
numbered Pan

IDYLL V

The Battle of the Bards

COMATAS LACOV MORSOV

COMATAS

GOATS, from a shepherd who stands here, from
Lacon, keep away
Sibyrtas owns him, and he stole my goatskin yesterday

LACON

Hi! lambs! avoid yon fountain Have ye not eyes
to see
Comatas, him who filched a pipe but two days back
from me?

COMATAS

Sibyrtas' bondsman own a pipe? whence got st thou
that and how?
Tooting through straws with Corydon mayhap's be-
neath thee now?

LACON

'Twas Lycon's gift, your highness But pray,
 Comatas, say,
 What is that skin wherewith thou saidst that Lacon
 walked away?
 Why, thy lord's self had ne'er a skin whereon his
 limbs to lay

COMATAS

The skin that Crocylus gave me, a dark one streaked
 with white,
 The day he slew his she goat Why, then wert ill
 with spite,
 Then, my false friend, and thou would'st end by
 begging me quite.

LACON

Did Lacon, did Calathus son purloin a goatskin? No,
 By Pan that haunts the sea beach! Lad, if I served
 thee so,
 Crazyd may I drop from yon hill top to Crathus' stream
 below!

COMATAS

Nor pipe of thine, good fellow—the Ladies of the Lake
 So be still kind and good to me—did e'er Comatas take

LACON

Be Daphnis' woea my portion, should that my credence
win!

Still, if thou list to stake a kid—that surely were no
sin—

Come on, I'll sing it out with thee—until thou
givest in

COMATAS

'The hog he braved Athens' As for the kid, 'tis there
You stake a lamb against him—that fat one—if you
dare

LACON

For! were that fair for either? At shearing who'd
prefer

Horsehair to wool? or when the goat stood handy,
suffer her

To nurse her firstling, and himself go milk a blatant
cur?

COMATAS

The same who deemed his hornet's-buzz the true cicala's
note,

And braved—like you—his better And so forsooth
you vote

My kid a trifle? Then come on, fellow! I stake the
goat

IDYLL V

LACON

Why be so hot? Art thou on fire? First prythee
take thy seat

'Neath this wild woodland olive thy tones will sound
more sweet

Here falls a cold rill drop by drop, and green grass
blades uprear

Their heads, and fallen leaves are thick, and locusts
prattle here

COMATAS

Hot I am not but hurt I am, and sorely, when I think
That thou canst look me in the face and never bleach
nor blink—

Me, thine own boyhood's tutor! Go, train the she-
wolf's brood

Train dogs—that they may rend thee! This, this is
gratitude!

LACON

When learned I from thy practice or thy preaching
ought that's right,

Thou puppet, thou misshapen lump of ugliness and
spite?

COMATAS

When? When I beat thee, wailing sore you goats
looked on with glee,

And bleated, and were dealt with e'en as I had dealt
with thee

LACON

Well, hunchback, shallow be thy grave as was thy
judgment then !

But hither, hither ! Thou'lt not dip in herdsman's
lore again

COMATAS

Ney, here ere oaks and galingale the hum of housing
bees

Makes the place pleasant and the birds are piping in
the trees

And here ere two cold streamlets, here deeper sha
dows fall

Than yon place owns, and look what cones drop from
the pinetree tall

LACON

Come hither, and tread on lambswool that is soft as
any dream

Still more unsavoury than thyself to me thy goatskins
seem

Here will I plant a bowl of milk, our ladies' grace to
win,

And one, as huge, beside it, sweet olive oil therein

COMATAS

Come hither, and trample dainty fern and poppy-
 blossom sleep
 On goatskins that are softer than thy fleeces piled
 three deep
 Here will I plant eight milk-pails, great Pan's regard
 to gain,
 Round them eight cups full honeycombs shall every
 cup contain

LACON

Well! there e'sy thy woodcraft thence fight me,
 never budge
 From thine own oak, e'en have thy way But who
 shall be our judge?
 Oh, if Lycopas with his knife should chance this way
 to trudge!

COMATAS

Nay, I want no Lycopas But hail yon woodaman, do
 'Tis Morson—see! his arms are full of bracken—
 there, by you

LACON

We'll hail him

COMATAS

Ay, you hail him

LACON

Friend, 'twill not take thee long
We're striving which is master, we twain, in woodland
song,
And thou, my good friend Morson, ne'er look with
favouring eyes
On me, nor yet to yonder lad be fain to judge the
prize

COMATAS

Nay, by the Nymphs, sweet Morson, ne'er for
Comatas' sake
Stretch thou a point, nor e'er let him undue advan-
tage take
Sibyrtas owns yon wethers, a Thurian is he
And here, my friend, Eumares' goats, of Sybaris, you
may see

LACON

And who asked thee, thou naughty knave, to whom
belonged these flocks,
Sibyrtas, or (it might be) me? Eh, thou'rt a chatter-
box!

COMATAS.

The simple truth, most worshipful, is all that I allege:
I'm not for boasting. Bat thy wit hath all too keen
an edge.

LACON.

Come sing, if singing's in thee—and may our friend
get back
To town alive! Heaven help us, lad, how thy tongue
doth clack!

COMATAS. [*Sings*]

Daphnis the mighty minstrel was less precious to the
Nine
Than I. I offered yesterday two kids upon their
shrines.

LACON. [*Sings*]

Ay, but Apollo fancies me hugely: for him I rear
A lordly ram: and, look you, the Carnival is near.

COMATAS.

Twain kids hath every goat I milk, save two. My
maid, my own,
Eyes me and asks 'At milking time, rogne, art thou
all alone?'

LACON

Go to! nigh twenty baskets doth Lacon fill with
cheese
Hath time to woo a sweetheart too upon the b'
leas

COMATAS

Clarissa pelts her goatherd with apples, should he
By with his goats, and pouts her lip in a
charming way

LACON

Me too a darling smooth of face notes as I tend ;
flocks
How maddeningly o'er that fair neck
shining locks !

COMATAS

Tho' dogrose and anemone are fair in their
The rose that blooms by garden walls still is
for me

LACON

Tho' acorns' cups are fair, their taste is
and still
I'll choose, for honeysweet are they, the apples of
hill

IDYLL V

COMATAS

A cushat I will presently procure and give to her
 Who loves me I know where it sits, up in the juniper

LACON

Pooh! a soft fleece to make a coat, I'll give the day
 I shear
 My brindled ewe—(no hand but mine shall touch it)—
 to my dear

COMATAS

Back, lambs, from that wild olive and be content to
 browse
 Here on the shoulder of the hill, beneath the myrtle
 boughs.

LACON

Run, (will ye?) Ball and Dogstar, down from that oak
 tree, run
 And feed where Spot is feeding, and catch the morn-
 ing sun

COMATAS

I have a bowl of cypress wood I have besides a cup
 Praxiteles designed them for her they're treasured up

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS

LACON

I have a dog who throttles wolves he loves the sheep,
and they
Love him I'll give him to my dear, to keep wild
beasts at bay

COMATAS

Ye locusts that o'erleap my fence, oh let my vines
escape
Your clutches, I beseech you the bloom is on the
grape

LACON

Ye crickets, mark how nettled our friend the goat^s
herd is!
I ween, ye cost the reapers pangs as sent

COMATAS

Those foxes with their husby tails, I hate to see them
crawl
Round Micon's homestead and pilloin his grapes at
evenfall

LACON

I hate to see the beetles that come warping on the
wind,
And climb Philondas trees, and leave never a fig
behind

COMATAS

Have you forgot that cudgelling I gave you? At each
stroke
You grinned and twisted with a grace, and clung to
yonder oak.

LACON

That I've forgot—but I have not, how once Eumares-
ted
You to that self-same oak trunk, and tanned your un-
clean hide

COMATAS

There's some one ill—of heartburn You note it, I
presume,
Morson? Go quick, and fetch a squill from some old
beldam's tomb.

LACON

I think I'm stinging somebody, as Morson too
perceives—
Go to the river and dig up a clump of sowbread leaves

COMATAS

May Himera flow, not water, but milk and may'st
thou blush,
Crathis, with wine, and frutago grow upon every
rush

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS

LACON

For me may Sybaris' fountain flow, pure honey so
that you,

My fair, may dip your pitcher each morn in honey dew

COMATAS

My goats are fed on clover and goat's delight they
tread

On lentisk leaves, or lie them down, ripe strawberries
o'er their head

LACON

My sheep crop honeysuckle bloom while all around
them blows

In clusters rich the jasmine, as brave as any rose

COMATAS

I scorn my maid, for when she took my cushat, she
did not

Draw with both hands my face to hers and kiss me on
the spot

LACON

I love my love, and begely for, when I gave my
flute,

I was rewarded with a kiss, a loving one to boot

COMATAS

Lacon, the nightingale should scarce be challenged by
 the jay,
 Nor swan by hoopoe but, poor boy, thou aye wert
 for a fray

MORSON

I bid the shepherd hold his peace Comatas unto you
 I, Morson, do adjudge the lamb You'll first make
 offering due
 Unto the nymphs then *eroury* meat you'll send to
 Morson too

COMATAS

By Pan I will! Snort, all my herd of he goats I
 shall now
 O'er Lacon shepherd as he is crow ye shall soon see
 how
 I've won, and I could leap sky high! Ye also dance
 and skip
 My horned ewes in Sybaris' fount to morrow all shall
 dip
 Ho! you sir, with the glossy coat and dangerous
 crest, you dare
 Look at a ewe, till I have slain my lamb, and all you'll fare.
 What! is he at his tricks again? He is and he will get
 (Or my name's not Comatas) a proper pounding yet

IDYLL VI

The Dragon Battle.

DAPHNIS DAMÆTAS

DAPHNIS the herdsman and Damætas once
Had driven, Aratus, to the selfsame glen
One chin was yellowing, one shewed half a beard
And by a brookside on a summer noon
The pair sat down and sang, but Daphnis led
The song, for Daphnis was the challenger

DAPHNIS

" See! Galatea pelts thy flock with fruit,
And calls their master ' Lack-love,' Polypheme
Thou mark'st her not, blind, blind, but pipest aye
Thy wood notes See again, she smites thy dog
Sea ward the fleeced flocks' sentinel peers and barks,
And, through the clear wave visible to her still,
Careers along the gently babbling beach
Look that he leap not on the maid new risen

From her sea-bath and rend her dainty limbs
 She fools thee, near or far, like thistle waifs
 In hot sweet summer flies from thee when wooed,
 Unwooed pursues thee risks all moves to win,
 For, Polypheme, things foul seem fair to Love "

And then, due prelude made, Damoetas sang.

DAMOETAS

"I marked her pelt my dog, I was not blind,
 By Pan, by this my one my precious eye
 That bounds my vision now and evermore!
 But Telemus the Seer, be his the woe,
 His and his children's, that he promised me!
 Yet do I too tease her, I pass her by,
 Pretend to woo another —and she hears
 (Heaven help me!) and is faint with jealousy,
 And hurrying from the sea-wave as if stung,
 Scans with keen glance my grotto and my flock.
 'Twas I bided on the dog to bark at her,
 For, when I loved her, he would whine and lay
 His muzzle in her lap These things she'll note
 Mayhap, and message send on message soon
 But I will bar my door until she swear
 To make me on this isle fair bridal bed
 And I am less unlovely than men say

I looked into the mere (tha mere was calm),
And goodly seemed my beard and goodly seemed
My solitary eye, and, half revealed,
My teeth gleamed whiter than the Parian marl
Thrice for good luck I spat upon my robe
That learned I of the hag Cottyaris—her
Who fluted lately with Hippocoon's mowers "

Damcetas then kissed Daphnis lovingly
One gave a pipe and one a goodly flute
Straight to the shepherd's flute and herdsman's pipe
The younglings bounded in the soft green grass
And neither was o'ermatched, but matchless both

IDYLL VII

Marbri-Dome

ONCE on a time did Eucritus and I
(With us Amyntas) to the riverside
Sneal from the city For Lycopæus' sons
Were that day busy with the harvest home,
Antigènes and Phraudemus, sprung
(If aught thou holdest by the good old names)
By Clytia from great Chalcon—him who erst
Planted one stalwart *luneo* against the rock,
And lo, beneath his foot *Burnè's* rill
Broke forth, and at its side poplar and elm
Shewed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed
By tufted leaves Scarce midway were we now,
Nor yet descried the tomb of Brasilas
When, thanks be to the Muses, there drew near
A wayfarer from Crete, young Lycidas
The horned herd was his care a glance might tell
So much - for every inch a herd-man he

Slung o'er his shoulder was a ruddy hide
Torn from a he goat, shaggy, tangle haired,
That reeked of rennet yet a broad belt clasped
A patched cloak round his breast, and for a staff
A gnarled wild olive bough his right hand bore
Soon with a quiet smile he spoke—his eye
Twinkled, and laughter sat upon his lip
“And whither ploddest thou thy weary way
Beneath the noontide sun, Simichidas?
For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,
The crested lark folds now his wandering wing
Dost speed, a hidden guest, to some reveller's hoard?
Or townward to the treading of the grape?
For lo! recoiling from thy hurrying feet
The pavement stones ring out right merrily”
Then I “Friend Lycid, all men say that none
Of haymakers or herdsmen is thy match
At piping and my soul is glad thereof
Yet, to speak sooth, I think to rival thee
Now lo! this road holds holiday to-day
For banded brethren solemnise a feast
To richly dight Demeter, thanking her
For her good gifts since with no grudging hand
Hath the boon goddess filled the wheaten floors
So come the way, the day, is thine as mine
Try we our woodcraft—each may learn from each

I am, as thou, a clation voice of song,
 All hail me chief of minstrels But I am not,
 Heaven knows, o'ercredulous no, I scarce can yet
 (I think) outvie Philetas, nor the bard
 Of Samos, champion of Sicilian song
 They are as cicadas challenged by a frog "

I spoke to gain mine ends and laughing light
 He said " Accept this club as thou'rt indeed
 A born truth teller, shaped by heaven's own hand!
 I hate your builders who would rear a house
 High as Oromedon a mountain pinnacle
 I hate your song-birds too, whose cuckoo-cry
 Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard
 But come, we'll sing forthwith, Simochidas,
 Our woodland music and for my part I—
 Last, comrade, if you like the simple air
 I forged among the nplands yesterday

[Sings] Safe be my true love convoyed o'er the main
 To Mytilene—though the southern blast
 Chase the lithe waves, while westward slant the Kids,
 Or low above the verge Orion stand—
 If from Love's furnace she will rescue me,
 For Lycidas is parched with hot desire
 Let halcyons lay the sea waves and the winds,

Northwind and Westwind, that in shores far-off
Flutters the seaweed—halcyons, of all birds
Whose prey is on the waters, held most dear
By the green Nereids yea let all things smile
On her to Mitylene voyaging,
And in fair harbour may she ride at last
I on that day, a chaplet woven of dill
Or rose or simple violet on my brow,
Will draw the wine of Pteleas from the cask
Stretched by the ingle They shall roast me beans,
And elbow deep in thyme and asphodel
And quaintly curling parsley shall be piled
My bed of rushes, where in royal ease
I sit and, thinking of my darling, drain
With steadfast lip the liquor to the dregs
I'll have a pair of pipers, shepherds both,
This from Acharnæ, from Lycopè that,
And Tityrus shall be near me and shall sing
How the swain Daphnis loved the stranger maid,
And how he ranged the fells, and how the oaks
(Such oaks as Himera's banks are green withal)
Sang dirges o'er him waning fast away
Like snow on Athos, or on Hæmus high,
Or Rhodopè, or utmost Caucasus
And he shall sing me how the big chest held
(All through the manise malice of his lord)

A living goatherd how the round faced bees,
 Lured from their meadow by the cedar smell
 Fed him with daintiest flowers, because the Muse
 Had made his throat a well spring of sweet song
 Happy Comatas, this sweet lot was thine!
 Thee the chest pruned, for thee the honey bees
 Toiled, as thou slavedst out the mellowing year
 And oh hadst thou been numbered with the quick
 In my day! I had led thy pretty goats
 About the hill side, listening to thy voice
 While thou hadst laid thee down neath oak or pine,
 Divine Comatas, warbling pleasantly "

He spake and paused, and thereupon spake I
 "I too, friend Lycid, as I ranged the fells,
 Have learned much lore and pleasant from the Nymph
 Whose fame mayhap hath reached the throne of Zen
 But this wherewith I'll grace thee ranks the first
 Thou listen, since the Muses like thee well.

[Sings] On me the young Loves sneezed for ha-
 less I

Am fain of Myrto as the goats of Spring
 But my best friend Aratus mly pines
 For one who loves him not Arastis saw—
 (A wondrous seer is he, whose lute and lay

HARVEST HOME.

Shrinèd Apollo's self would scarce disdain)—
How love had scorched Aratus to the bone
O Pan, who hauntest Homolè's fair campaign,
Bring the soft charmer, whosoe'er it be,
Unbid to his sweet arms—so, gracions Pan,
May ne'er thy ribs and shoulderblades be lashed
With squalls by young Arcadians, whensoe'er
They are scant of supper! But should this my prayer
Mislake thee, then on nettles mayest thou sleep,
Dinted and sore all over from their claws!
Then mayest thou lodge amid Edonian hills
By Hebrus, in midwinter, there subside,
The Bear thy neighbor and, in summer, range
With the far Æthiops 'neath the Blommyan rocks
Where Nile is no more seen! But O ye Loves,
Whoso cheeks are like pink apples, quit your homes
By Hyetis, or Byblis' pleasant rill,
Or fair Dionè's rocky pedestal,
And strike that fair one with your arrows, strike
The ill starred damsel who disdains my friend.
And lo, what is she but an o'er-ripe pear?
The girls all cry ' Her bloom is on the wane '
We'll watch, Aratus, at that porch no more,
Nor waste shoe-leather· let the morning cock
Crow to wake others up to numb despair!
Let Melon, and none else, that ordeal brave:

While we make ease our study, and accrue
Some witch, to charm all evil from our door "

I ceased He, smiling sweetly as before,
Gave me the staff, 'the Muses' parting gift,'
And leftward sloped toward Pyxis. We the while
Bent us to Phrasydemus, Eocritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas there we lay
Half buried in a couch of fragrant reed
And fresh cut vineleaves who so glad as we?
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'er head
Hard by a sacred spring flowed gurgling on
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the sombre boughs
The sweet cicada chirped laboriously
Hid in the thick thorn bushes far away
The treefrog's note was heard the crested lark
Sang with the goldfinch, turtles made their moan,
And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee
All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all
Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
Rolled in luxuriance, branches on the ground
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons, while we
brushed
From the cask's head the crust of four long years
Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks,
Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron o'er

Set before Heracles a cup so brave
In Pholus' cavern—did as nectarous draughts
Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose hand
Rocks were as pebbles, Polyphemo the strong,
Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns:—
As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?
Beside whose cornstacks may I oft again
Plant my broad fan while she stands by and smiles,
Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm.

IDYLL, VIII

The Triumph of Daphnis

DAPHNIS MEVALCAS A GOATHERD

DAPHNIS, the gentle herdsman, met once, as
legend tells,

Menalcas making with his flock the circle of the fells.
Both chins were gilt with conning beards both lads
could sing and play

Menalcas glanced at Daphnis, and thus was heard to
say —

“ Art thou for singing, Daphnis, lord of the lowing
kine ?

I say my songs are better, by what thou wilt, than
thine ”

Then in his turn spoke Daphnis, and thus he made
reply

“ O shepherd of the fleecy flock, thou pipest clear and
high,

But come what will, Menalcas, thou ne’er wilt sing
as I ”

MENALCAS

This art thou fain to ascertain, and risk a bet with me?

DAPHNIS

This I full fain would ascertain, and risk a bet with thee

MENALCAS

But what, for champions such as we, would seem a
fitting prize?

DAPHNIS

I stake a calf, stake thou a lamb, its mother's self in
size

MENALCAS

A lamb I'll venture never for aye at close of day
Father and mother count the flock, and passing strict
are they

DAPHNIS

Then what shall be the victor's fee? What wager wilt
thou lay?

MENALCAS

A pipe discoursing through nine months I made, full
fair to view,

IDYLL VIII

The wax is white thereon, the line of this and that
 edge true
 I'll risk it risk my father's own is more than I dare
 do

DAPHNIS

A pipe discoursing through nine months, and fair, hath
 Daphnis too
 The wax is white thereon, the line of this and that
 edge true
 But yesterday I made it this finger feels the pain
 Still, where indeed the rifted reed hath cut it clean in
 twain
 But who shall be our umpire? who listen to our strain?

MENALCAS

Suppose we hail yon goatherd, him at whose horned
 herd now
 The dog is barking—yonder dog with white upon his
 brow

Then out they called the goatherd marked them,
 and up came he,
 Then out they sang, the goatherd their umpire fain
 would be

To shrill Menalcas' lot it fell to start the woodland lay
Then Daphnis took it up And thus Menalcas led the
way

MENALCAS

"Rivers and vales, a glorious birth! Oh if Menalcas e'er
Piped aught of pleasant music in your ears
Then pasture, nothing loth, his lambs, and let young
Daphnis fare
No woras, should he stray hither with his steers "

DAPHNIS

"Pastures and rills, a bounteous race! If Daphnis
sang you e'er
Such songs as ne'er from nightingals have flowed,
Then to his herd your fatness lend, and let Menalcas
share
Like boon, should s'er he wend along this road "

MENALCAS

"'Tis spring, 'tis greenness everywhere, with milk the
udders teem,
And all things that are young have life anew,
Where my sweet maiden wanders but parched and
withered seem,
When she departeth, lawn and shepherd too "

IDYLL VIII

DAPHNIS

" Fat are the sheep, the goats bear twins, the hives
 are thronged with bees,
 Rises the oak beyond his natural growth,
 Where falls my darling's footstep but hungeriness
 shall seize,
 When she departeth, herd and herdsman both "

MEVALCAS

" Come, ram, with thy blunt muzzled kids and sleek
 wives at thy side,
 Where winds the brook by woodlands myriad-
 deep
 There is her haunt Go, Stamp horn, tell her how
 Proteus phed
 (A god) the shepherd's trade, with seals for sheep "

DAPHNIS

" I ask not gold, I ask not the broad lands of a king,
 I ask not to be fleetier than the breeze,
 But 'neath this steep to watch my sheep, feeding as
 one, and fling
 (Still clasping her) my carol o'er the seas "

MEVALCAS

" Storms are the fruit tree's bane, the brook's, a
 summer hot and dry,
 The stag's a woven net, a gin the dove's ,

THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS.

Mankind's, a soft sweet maiden Others have pined
ere I

Zeus! Father! hadst not thou thy lady-loves?

Thus far, in alternating strains, the lads their woes
rehearsd

Then each one gave a closing stave. Thus sang
Menalcas first —

MENALCAS

“O spare, good wolf, my weanlings! their milky
mothers spare!

Harm not the little lad that hath so many in his care
What, Furies, is thy sleep so deep? It ill befits
hound,

Tending a boyish master's flock, to slumber over-
sound

And, wethers, of this tender grass take, nothing coy,
your fill

So, when it comes, the after-math shall find you feeding
still

So! so! graze on, that ye be full, that not an udder
fail

Part of the milk shall rear the lambs, and part shall
fill my pail ”

Then Daphnis flung a carol out, as of a nightingale —

DAPHNIS

" Mo from her grot hnt yesterday a gurl of haughty
brow

Spied as I passed her with my kine, and said, " How
fair art thou! "

I vow that not one bitter word in answer did I say,
But, looking ever on the ground, went silently my way
The heifer's voice, the heifer's breath, are passing
sweet to me

And sweet is sleep by summer brooks upon the breezy
lea

As acorns are the green oak a pride, apples the apple-
bough a ,

So the cow glorieth in her calf, the cowherd in his
cows "

Thus the two lads , then spoke the third, sitting his
goats among

GOATHERD

" O Daphnis, lovely is thy voice, thy music sweetly
sung ,

Such song is pleasanter to me than honey on my
tongue

Accept this pipe, for thou hast won And should
there be some notes

That thou couldst teach me, as I plod alongside with
my goats,
I'll give thee for thy schooling this ewe, that horns
hath none
Day after day she'll fill the can, until the milk o'errun "

Then how the one lad laughed and leaped and
clapped his hands for glee!
A kid that bounds to meet its dam might dance as
merrily
And how the other wily burned, struck down by his
disgrace!
A maid first parting from her home might wear as sad
a face.

Thenceforth was Daphnis champion of all the
country side
And won, while yet in topmost youth, a Naiad for his
bride

IDYLL IX.

Pastorals

DAPHNIS MENALCAS A SHEPHERD

SHEPHERD

A SONG from Daphnis! Open be the lay,
Ho open and Menalcas follow next
While the calves suck, and with the barren kine
The young bulls graze, or roam knee-deep in leaves,
And no'er play truant. But a song from thee,
Daphnis—anon Menalcas will reply

DAPHNIS

Sweet is the chorus of the calves and kine,
And sweet the herdsman's pipe. But none may
vie
With Daphnis, and a rush strown bed is mine
Near a cool rill, where carpeted I lie
On fair white goatskins From a hill top high

The westwind swept me down the herd entire,
 Cropping the strawberries whence it comes that I
 No more heed summer, with his breath of fire,
 Than lovers heed the words of mother and of sire.

Thus Daphnis and Menalcas answered thus —

MENALCAS

O Ætna, mother mine! A grotto fair,
 Scooped in the rocks, have I and there I keep
 All that in dreams men picture! Treasured there
 Are multitudes of she goats and of sheep,
 Swathed in whose wool from top to toe I sleep
 The fire that boils my pot, with oak or beech
 Is piled—dry beech logs when the snow lies
deep,
 And storm and sunshine, I disdain them each
 As toothless sires aunt, when broth is in their reach

I clapped applause, and straight produced my gifts
 A staff for Daphnis—'twas the handiwork
 Of nature, in my father's acres grown
 Yet might a turner find no fault therewith
 I gave his mate a goodly spiral shell
 We stalked its inmate on the Icarian rocks
 And ate him, parted fivefold among five

He blew forthwith the trumpet on his shell.
Tell, woodland Muse—and then farewell—what song
I, the chance-comer, sang before those twain.

SHEPHERD

Ne'er let a falsehood scarify my tongue !
Crickets with crickets, ants with ants agree,
And hawks with hawks and music sweetly sung,
Beyond all else, is grateful unto me
Filled aye with music may my dwelling be !
Not slumber, not the bursting forth of Spring
So charms me, nor the flowers that tempt the bee,
As those sweet Sisters. He, on whom they fling
One gracious glance, is proof to Circe's blandishing

IDYLL X.

The Two Workmen.

MIL0 BATTUS

WHAT now, poor o'erworked drudge, is on thy mind ?

No more in even swathe thou layest the corn :
Thy fellow-reapers leave thee far behind,

As flocks a ewe that's footsore from a thorn.
By noon and midday what will be thy plight
If now, so soon, thy sickle fails to bite ?

BATTUS

Hewn from hard rocks, untired at set of sun,
Milo, didst ne'er regret some absent one ?

MIL0.

Not I. What time have workers for regret ?

BATTUS.

Hath love ne'er kept thee from thy slumbers yet ?

MILO

Nay, heaven forbid! If once the cat taste cream!

BATTUS

Milo, these ten days love hath been my dream.

MILO

You drain your wine, while vinegar's scarce with me

BATTUS

—Hence since last spring untrimmed my borders be

MILO

And what lass flouts thee?

BATTUS

She whom we heard play
Amongst Hippocoon's reapers yesterday

MILO

Your sins have found you out—you're e'en served
right

You'll clasp a core crake in your arms all night

BATTUS

You laugh but headstrong Love is blind no less
Than Piatas talking big is foolishness

MILO

I talk not big But lay the corn ears low
 And trill the while some love song—easier so
 Will seem your toil you used to sing, I know

PATTUS

Maids of Pieria, of my slim lass sing!
 One touch of yours ennobles everything

[Sings]

Fairy Bombyca! thee do men report
 Lean, dusk, a gipsy I alone nut brown.
 Violets and pencilled hyacinths are swart,
 Yet first of flowers they're chosen for a crown
 As goats pursue the clover, wolves the goat,
 And cranes the ploughman, upon thee I dote

Had I but Cræsus' wealth, we twain should stand
 Gold sculptured in Love's temple, thou, thy lyre
 (Ay or a rose or apple) in thy hand,
 I in my brave new shoon and dance attire
 Fairy Bombyca! twinkling dice thy feet,
 Poppies thy lips, thy ways none knows how sweet!

MILO

Who dreamed what subtle strains our bumpkin
 wrought?
 How shone the artist in each measured verse!

Fie on the beard that I have grown for naught!
 Mark, lad, these lines by glorious Lytærse

[Sings]

O rich in fruit and cornblade be this field
 Tilled well, Demeter, and fair fruitage yield!

Bind the sheaves, reapers lest one, passing, say—
 ‘A fig for these, they re never worth their pay!’

Let the mown swathe look northward, ye who mow,
 Or westward—for the ears grow fattest so

Avoid a noontide nap, ye threshing men
 The chaff flies thickest from the corn ears then

Wake when the lark wakes when he slumbers, close
 Your work, ye reapers and at noontide doze

Boys the frogs’ life for me! They need not him
 Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim

Better boil herbs, than toiler after gain,
 Than, splitting cummin, split thy hand in twain.

Strains such as these, I trow, besit them well

Who toil and moul when noon is at its height
 Thy meagre love-tale, bumpkin, thou shouldst tell
 Thy grandam as she wakes up ere ’tis light.

IDYLL XI.

The Giant's Wooing.

METHINKS all nature hath no cure for Love,
Plaster or unguent, Nicias, saving one;
And this is light and pleasant to a man,
Yet hard withal to compass—minstrelsy.
As well thou wottest, being thyself a leech,
And a prime favourite of those Sisters nine.
'Twas thus our Giant lived a life of ease,
Old Polyphemus, when, the dawn scarce seen
On lip and chin, he wooed his ocean nymph:
No curlypated rose-and-apple wooer,
But a fell madman, blind to all but love.
Oft from the green grass foldward fared his sheep
Unbid, while he upon the windy beach,
Singing his Galatea, sat and pined
From dawn to dusk, an ulcer at his heart:
Great Aphrodite's shaft had fixed it there.
Yet found he that one cure: he ate him down
On the tall cliff, and seaward looked, and sang—

“ White Galatea, why disdain thy love?
White as a pressed cheese, delicate as the lamb,
Wild as the heifer, soft as summer grapes!
If sweet sleep chain me, here thou walk’st at large;
If sweet sleep loose me, straightway thou art gone,
Scared like a sheep that sees the gray wolf near
I loved thee, maiden, when thou cam’st long since,
To pluck the hyacinth blossom on the fell,
Thou and my mother, piloted by me
I saw thee, see thee still, from that day forth
For ever, but ’tis naught, ay naught, to thee.
I know, sweet maiden, why thou art so coy.
Shaggy and huge, a single eyebrow spans
From ear to ear my forehead, whence one eye
Gleams, and an o’erbrood nostril tops my lip.
Yet I, this monster, feed a thousand sheep
That yield me sweetest draughts at milking-tide:
In summer, autumn, or midwinter, still
Fails not my cheese, my milkpail o’erflows
Then I can pipe as ne’er did Giant yot,
Singing our loves—ours, honey, thine and mine—
At dead of night and hush I rear eleven
(Each with her fawn) and bearcubs four, for thee.
Oh come to me—thou shalt not rue the day—
And let the mad seas beat against the shore!
’Twere sweet to haunt my cave the livelong night:

Laurel, and cypress tall, and ivy dun,
And vines of sumptuous frutage, all are there.
And a cold spring that pine clad Ætna flings
Down from the white snow's midst, a draught for gods!
Who would not change for this the ocean-waves?

"But thou mishk'st my hair" Well, oaken logs
Are here, and embers yet aglow with fire
Burn (if thou wilt) my heart out, and mine eye,
Mine only eye wherein is my delight
Oh why was I not born a finny thing,
To float onto thy side and kiss thy hand,
Denied thy lips—and bring thee lilies white
And crimson petalled poppies' dainty bloom!
Nay—summer hath his flowers and autumn his,
I could not bring all these the self-same day
Lo, should some mariner hither oar his road,
Sweet, he shall teach me straightway how to swim,
That haply I may learn what bliss ye find
In your sea-homes O Galatca, come
Forth from yon waves, and coming forth forget
(As I do, sitting here) to get thee home
And feed my flocks and milk them, nothing loth,
And pour the rennet in to fix my cheese!

"The blame's my mother's, she is false to me,
Spake thee ne'er yet one sweet word for my sake,

Though day by day she sees me pine and pine.
I'll feign strange throbbings in my head and feet
To anguish her—as I am anguished now ”

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are flown thy wits?
Go plait rush-baskets, lop the olive-boughs
To feed thy lambskins—'twere the shrewder part.
Chase not the recreant, milk the willing ewe:
The world hath Galateas fairer yet

“—Many a fair damsel bids me sport with her
The livelong night, and smiles if I give ear.
On land at least I still am somebody ”

Thus did the Giant feed his love on song.
And gained more ease than may be bought with gold.

IDYLL XII

The Comrades

THOU art come, lad, come! Scarce thrice hath dusk
to day

Given place—but lovers in an hour grow gray.

As spring's more sweet than winter, grapes than
thorns,

The ewe's fleece richer than her latest-born's;

As young girls' charms the thrice wed wife's outshine,

As fawns are lither than the ungainly kine,

Or as the nightingale's clear notes outvie

The mingled music of all birds that fly,

So at thy coming passing glad was I

I ran to greet thee e'en as pilgrims run

To beechen shadows from the scorching sun—

Oh if on us accordant Loves would breathe,

And our two names to future years bequeath!

'These twain'—let men say—'lived in olden days
This was a *yokel* (in their country phrase),

That was his mate (so talked these simple folk):
 And lovingly they bore a mutual yoke.
 The hearts of men were made of sterling gold,
 When troth met troth, in those brave days of old '

O Zeus, O gods who age not nor decay!
 Let e'en two hundred ages roll away,
 But at the last these tidings let me learn,
 Borne o'er the fatal pool whence none return—
*"By every tongue thy constancy is sung,
 Thine and thy favourite's—chiefly by the young"*
 But lo, the future is in heaven's high hand
 Meanwhile thy graces all my praise demand,
 Not false lip-praise, not idly hubbubbing froth—
 For though thy wrath be kindled, e'en thy wrath
 Hath no sting in it doubly I am caressed,
 And go my way repaid with interest.

Oarsmen of Megara, ruled by Naus erst!
 Yours be all bliss, because ye honoured first
 That true child-lover, Attic Diocles
 Around his gravestone with the first spring breeze
 Flock the bairns all, to win the kissing-prize
 And whose sweetest lip to lip applies
 Goes crown clad home to its mother Blest is he
 Who in such strife is named the referee

To brightfaced Ganymede full oft he'll cry
To lend his lip the potencies that lie
Within that stone with which the usurers
Detect base metal, and which never errs

IDYLL XIII.

Hylas.

NOT for us only, Nicias, (vain the dream,)
Sprang from what god soe'er, was Eros born.
Not to us only grace doth graceful seem,
Frail things who wot not of the coming morn.
No—for Amphitryon's iron hearted son,
Who braved the lion, was the slave of one:—

A fair curled creature, Hylas was his name
He taught him, as a father might his child,
All songs whereby himself had risen to fame;
Nor ever from his side would be beguiled
When noon was high, nor when white steeds convey
Back to heaven's gates the chariot of the day,

•
Nor when the hen's shrill brood becomes aware
Of bed-time, as the mother's flapping wings

Shadow the dust-browed beam 'Twas all his care
 To shape unto his own imaginings
And to the harness train his favourite youth,
Till he became a man in very truth

Meanwhile, when kingly Jason steered in quest
 Of the Gold Fleece, and chieftains at his side
Chosen from all cities, proffering each her best,
 To rich Iolchos came that warrior tried,
And joined him unto trim-built Argo's crew,
And with Alomena's son came Hylas too

Through the great gulf shot Argo like a bird—
 And by and-bye reached Phasis, ne'er o'erta'en
By those in-rushing rocks, that have not stirred
 Since then, but bask, twin monsters, on the main
But now, when waned the spring, and lambs were fed
In far off fields, and Pleiada gleamed o'erhead,

That cream and flower of knighthood looked to sail
 They came, within broad Argo safely stowed,
(When for three days had blown the southern gale)
 To Hellespont, and in Propontis rode
At anchor, where Cician oxen now
Broaden the furrows with the busy plough.

They leapt ashore, and, keeping rank, prepared
Their evening meal a grassy meadow spread
Before their eyes and many a warrior shared
(Thanks to its verdurous stores) one lowly bed
And while they cut tall marigolds from their stem
And sworded bulrush, Hylas slipt from them

Water the fair lad went to seek and bring
To Heracles and stalwart Telamon,
(The comrades eye partook each other a fare,)
Bearing a brszen pitcher And anon,
Where the ground dipt, a fountain he espied,
And rushes growing green about its side

There rose the sea blue swallow wort, and there
The pale hued maidenhair, with parsley green
And vagrant marsh flowers, and a revel rare
In the pool's midst the water nymphs were seen
To hold, those maidens of unslumbrous eyes
Whom the belated peasant sees and flies.

And fast did Malis and Eunice cling,
And young Nychea with her April face,
To the lad's hand, as stooping o'er the spring
He dipt his pacher For the young Greek's grace

Made their soft senses reel, and down he fell,
All of a sudden, into that black well

So drops a red star suddenly from sky

To sea—and quoth some sailor to his mate·

“Up with the tackle, boy! the breeze is high”

Him the nymphs pillowed, all disconsolate,
On their sweet laps, and with soft words beguiled,
But Heracles was troubled for the child

Forth went he, Soythian wise his how he bore

And the great cluh that never quits his side,
And thrice called ‘Hylas’—no er came instier roar

From that deep chest Thrice Hylas heard and
tried

To answer, but in tones yon scarce might hear,
The water made them distant though so near

And as a lion, when he hears the bleat

Of fawns among the mountains far away,
A murderous lion, and with hurrying feet

Bounds from his lair to his predestined prey·
So plunged the stroog man in the untrodden brake—
(Lovers are maniacs)—for his darling’s sake

He scoured far fields—what hill or oaken glen

Remembers not that pilgrimage of pain !

His troth to Jason was forgotten then

Long time the good ship tarried for those twain
With hoisted sails, night came and still they cleared
The hatches, but no *Heracles* appeared

On he was wandering, reckless where he trod,

So mad a passion on his vitals preyed

While *Hylas* had become a blessed god

But the crew cursed the runaway who had stayed
Sixty good oars, and left him there to reach
Afoot bleak *Phasis* and the *Colchian* beach

IDYLL XIV.

The Robe of Æschines.

THYONICHUS ÆSCHINES.

ÆSCHINES.

HAIL, sir Thyonichus

THYONICHUS

Æschines, to you.

ÆSCHINES.

I have missed thee

THYONICHUS

Missed me! Why what ails him now?

ÆSCHINES.

My friend, I am ill at ease

THYONICHUS

Then this explains

Thy leanness, and thy prodigal moustache

And dried up curls Thy counterpart I saw,
 A wan Pythagorean, yesterday
 He said he came from Athens shoes he had none
 He pined, I ll warrant,—for a quartern loaf

ÆCHINES

Sir, you will joke—But I've been outraged, sore,
 And by Cynisca I shall go stark mad
 Ere you suspect—a hair would turn the scale

THYONICHS

Such thou wert always, Æchines my friend
 In lazy mood or trenchant, at thy whim
 The world must wag But what a thy grievance now?

ÆSCUIRES

That Argive, Apis the Thessalian Knight,
 Myself, and gallant Cleoniceus, supped
 Within my grounds Two pullets I had slain,
 And a prime pig and broached my Bibbian wine,
 'Twas four years old, but fragrant as when new
 Truffles were served to us and the drink was good
 Well, we got on and each must drain a cup
 To whom he fancied, only each must name
 We named, and took our liquor as ordained,
 But she ate silent—thus before my face

Fancy my feelings! "Wilt not speak? Hast seen
A wolf?" some wag said "Shrewdly guessed,"
quoth she,

And blushed—her blushes might have fired a torch.
A wolf *had* charmed her Wolf her neighbour's son,
Goodly and tall, and fair in divers eyes:
For his illustrious sake it was she pined.
This had been breathed, just idly, in my ear:
Shame on my beard, I ne'er pursued the hint.
Well, when we four were deep amid our cups,
The Knight must sing 'The Wolf' (a local song)
Right through, for mischief. All at once she wept
Hot tears as girls of six years old might weep,
Clinging and clamouring round their mother's lap.
And I, (you know my humour, friend of mine,)
Drove at his face, one, two! She gathered up
Her robes and vanished straightway through the door.
"And so I fail to please, false lady mine?
Another lies more welcome in thy lap?
Go warm that other's heart: he'll say thy tears
Are liquid pearls" And as a swallow flies
Forth in a hurry, here or there to find
A monthful for her brood among the eaves:
From her soft sofa passing-swift she fled
Through folding-doors and hall, with random feet:
'The stag had gained his health': you know the rest.

IDYLL XV.

The Festival of Adonis.

GORG0 PRAXINOÄ.

GORG0,

PRAXINOÄ is?

PRAXINOÄ

Yes, Gorgo dear! At last!
That you're here now's a marvel! See to a chair,
A cushion, Eunoe!

GORG0

I lack naught.

PRAXINOÄ.

Sit down.

GORG0.

Oh, what a thing is spirit! Here I am,
Praxinoä, safe at last from all that crowd

And all those chariots—every street a mass
Of boots and uniforms! And the road, my dear,
Seemed endless—you hve now so far away!

PRAXINOÏ

This land's end den—I cannot call it house—
My madcap hired to keep us twain apart
And stir up strife 'Twas like him, odious pest!

GORGŌ

Nay call not, dear, your lord, your Deimon, names
'To the babe's face Look how it stares at you!
There, baby dear, she never meant Papa!
It understands, by'r lady! Dear Papa!

PRAXINOÏ

Well, yesterday (that means what day you like)
'Papa' had rouge and hair powder to buy,
He brought back salt! this oaf of six foot-one!

GORGŌ

Just such another is that pickpocket
My Diocleides He bought t' other day
Six fleeces at seven drachms, his last exploit
What were they? scraps of worn-out pedlar's bags,
Sheer trash —But put *your* cloak and mantle on,

And we'll to Ptolemy's, the sumptuous king,
 To see the Adonis As I hear, the queen
 Provides *us* something gorgeous

FRANKOA

Ay, the grand

Q^{ueen} do things grandly

GORGEO

When you've seen yourself,
 What tales you'll have to tell to those who've not.
 'Twere time we started!

FRANKOA

All time's holiday
 With idlers! Eanoa, pampered manx the jug!
 Set it down here—you cats would sleep all day
 On cushions—Stir yourself, fetch water, quick!
 Water's our first want How she holds the jug!
 Now, pour—not, cormorant in that wasteful way—
 You've drenched my dress, bad luck t' you! There,
 enough

I have made such toilet as my fates allowed
 Now for the key o' the plate chest Bring it, quick!

GORGEO

My dear, that full pchasse becomes you well.

What did it stand you in, straight off the loom ?

PRAXINOÁ.

Don't ask me, Gorgo two good pounds and more
Then I gave all my mind to trimming it.

GORGO.

Well, 'tis a great success

PRAXINOÍ

I think it is

My mantle, Eunoá, and my parasol !
Arrange me nicely Babe, you'll bide at home !
Horses would bite you—Boo !—Yes, cry your fill,
But we won't have you maimed Now let's be off
You, Pbrygia, take and nurse the tiny thing :
Call the dog in make fast the outer door !

[*Exeunt.*

Gods ! what a crowd ! How, when shall we get past
This nuisance, these unending ant-like swarms ?
Yet, Ptolemy, we owe thee thanks for much
Since heaven received thy sire ! No miscreant now
Creeps Thug-like up, to man the passer-by
What games men played crowhile—men shaped in
crime,

Birds of a feather, rascals every one !
 —We're done for, Gorgo darling—here they are,
 The Royal horse ! Sweet air, don't trample me !
 That bay—the savage !—reared up straight on end !
 Fly, Eunoea, can't you ? Doggedly she stands.
 He'll be his rider's death !—How glad I am
 My babe's at home.

GORGEO

Praxinoa, never mind !

See, we're before them now, and they're in line.

PRAXINOA

There, I'm myself But from a child I feared
 Horses, and slimy snakes But haste we on :
 A surging multitude is close behind

GORGEO [*to Old Lady*].

From the palace, mother ?

OLD LADY.

Ay, child.

GORGEO.

Of access ?

Is it fair

THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS.

OLD LADY.

Trying brought the Greeks to Troy
Young ladies, they must try who would succeed

GORGON

The crone hath said her oracle and gone
Women know all—how Adam married Eve
—Praxinoa, look what crowds are round the door!

PRAXINOA

Fearful! Your hand, please, Gorgo Eunoe, you
Hold Eutychis—hold tight or you'll be lost.
We'll enter in a body—hold us fast!
Oh dear, my muslin dress is torn in two,
Gorgo, already! Pray, good gentleman,
(And happiness be yours) respect my robe!

STRANGER.

I could not if I would—nathless I will.

PRAXINOA

They come in hundreds, and they push like swine.

STRANGER

Lady, take courage • it is all well now.

PRAXINOË.

And now and ever be it well with thee,
 Sweet man, for shielding us ! An honest soul
 And kindly Oh ! they're smothering Eunoë :
 Push, coward ! That's right ! ' All in,' the bride-
 groom said
 And locked the door upon himself and bride.

GORGO

Praxinoë, look ! Note well this broiery first.
 How exquisitely fine—too good for earth !
 Empress Athene, what strange sempstresa wrought
 Such work ? What painter painted, realized
 Such pictures ? Just like life they stand or move,
 Facts and not fancies ! What a thing is man !
 How bright, how lifelike on his alvern couch
 Lies, with youth's bloom scarce shadowing his cheek,
 That dear Adonis, lovely e'en in death !

A STRANGER

Bad luck t' you, cease your senseless pigeon's prate !
 Their brogue is killing—every word a drawl !

GORGO

Where did he spring from ? Is our prattle aught
 To you, Sir ! Order your own slaves about :
 You're ordering Syracusan ladies now !

Corinthians hred (to tell you one fact more)
 As was Bellerophon islanders in speech,
 For Dorians may talk Doric, I presune?

PRAXINOA

Persephonè! none lords it over me,
 Save one! No sculhon's wage for us from *you*

GORGO

Hush, dear The Argive's daughter's going to sing
The Adonis that accomplished vocalist
 Who has no rival in "*The Sailor's Grate*"
 Observe her attitudinizing now

Song

Queen, who lov'st Golgi and the Sicel hull
 And Ida, Aphrodité radiant-eyed,
 The stealthy footed Hours from Acheron's rill
 Brought once again Adonis to thy side
 How changed in twelve short months! They travel
 slow,
 Those precious Hours we hail their advent still,
 For blessings do they bring to all below
 O Sea born! thou didst erst, or legend lies,
 Shed on a woman's soul thy grace benign,
 And Berenicè's dust immortalize.

IDYLL XVI.

The Value of Song.

WHAT fires the Muse's, what the minstrel's lays?
Here some immortal's, ours some hero's praise,
Heaven is her theme, as heavenly was her birth:
We, of earth earthy, sing the sons of earth.
Yet who, of all that see the gray morn rise,
Lifts not his latch and hails with eager eyes
My Songs, yet sends them guerdonless away?
Barefoot and angry homeward journey they,
Taunt him who sent them on that idle quest,
Then crouch them deep within their empty chest,
(When wageless they return, their dismal bed)
And hude on their chill knees once more their patient
head.

Where are those good old times? Who thanks us, who,
For our good word? Men list not now to do
Great deeds and worthy of the minstrel's verse:
Vassals of gain, their hand is on their purse,
Their eyes on lucre: ne'er a rusty nail
They'll give in kindness; this being aye their tale:—

"Kin before kith, to prosper is my prayer;
Poets, we know, are heaven's peculiar care
We've Homer; and what other's worth a thought?
I call him chief of bards who costs me naught."

Yet what if all your chests with gold are lined?
Is this enjoying wealth? Oh fools and blind!
Part on your heart's desire, on minstrels spend
Part, and your hundred and your hundred friend:
And daily to the gods bid altar-fires ascend
Nor be ye churlish hosts, but glad the heart
Of guests with wine, when they must needs depart.
And reverence most the priests of sacred song
So, when hell hides you, shall your names live long;
Not doomed to wait on Acheron's sunless sands,
Like some poor hind, the inward of whose hands
The spade hath gnarled and knotted, born to groan,
Poor sire's a poor offspring, hapless Penury's own!

Their monthly dole erewhile unnumbered thralls
Sought in Antiochus', in Aleuas' halls,
On to the Scopadæ's byres in endless line
The calves ran lowing with the horned line;
And, marshalled by the good Creondæ's swains
Myriads of choice sheep basked on Cranron's plains.
Yet had their joyaunce ended, on the day

When their sweet spirit dispossessed its clay,
To bated Acheron's ample barge resigned
Nameless, their stored up luxury left behind,
With the lorn dead through ages had they lain,
Had not a minstrel bide them live again —
Had not in woven words the Cætan sire
Holding sweet converse with his full toned lyre
Made even their swift steeds for aye renowned,
When from the sacred lists they came home crowned.
Forgot were Lycia's chiefs, and Hector's hair
Of gold, and Cyrenus femininely fair,
But that bards bring old battles back to mind.
Odysseus—he who roamed amongst mankind
A hundred years and more, reached atmost hell
Alive, and 'scaped the giant's hideous cell—
Had lived and died Eumæus and his swine,
Philoctetus, busy with his herded kine,
And great Laertes' self, had passed away,
Were not their names preserved in Homer's lay.
Through song alone may man true glory taste,
The dead man's riches his survivors waste

But count the waves, with yon gray wind swept main
Borne shoreward from a red brick wash his stain
In some pool's violet depths 'twill task thee yet
To reach the heart on baleful avarice set.

To such I say 'Fare well'—let theirs be store
Of wealth, but let them always crave for more;
Horses and mules inferior things I find
To the esteem and love of all mankind

But to what mortal's roof may I repair,
I and my Muse, and find a welcome there?
I and my Muse for minstrels fare but ill,
Reft of those maids, who know the mightiest's will.
The cycle of the years, it flags not yet,
In many a chariot many a steed shall sweat
And one, to manhood grown, my lays shall claim,
Whose deeds shall rival great Achilles' fame,
Who from stout Aias might have won the prize
On Simois' plain, where Phrygian Ilus lies
Now, in their sunset home on Labya's heel,
Phœnicia's sons unwonted chillness feel
Now, with his targe of willow at his breast,
The Syracusan bears his spear in rest,
Amongst these Hero arms him for the war,
Eager to fight as warriors fought of yore,
The plumes float darkling o'er his helmed brow.
O Zeus, the sire most glorious, and O thou,
Empress Athenè, and thou, damsel fair,
Who with thy mother wast decreed to bear
Rule o'er rich Corinth, o'er that city of pride

Beside whose walls Anapus' waters glide —
May all winds waft across the Southern sea
(Of late a legion, now but two or three,)
Far from our isle, our foes, the doom to tell,
To wife and child, of those they loved so well;
While the old race enjoy once more the lands
Spoiled and insulted erst by alien hands!

And fair and fruitful may their cornlands be!
Their flocks in thousands bleat upon the lea,
Fat and full fed, their line, as home they wind,
The lagging traveller of his rest remind!
With might and morn their fallows let them till;
Till comes the seedtime, and cicadas trill
(Hid from the toilers of the hot midday
In the thick leafage) on the topmost spray!
O'er shield and spear their webs let spiders spin,
And none so much as name the battle-din!
Then Hiero's lofty deeds may minstrels bear
Beyond the Scythian ocean main, and where
Within those ample walls, with asphalt made
Time proof, Semiramis her empire swayed.
I am but a single voice — but many a bard
Beside me do those heavenly maids regard.
May those all love to sing, 'mid earth's acclaim,
Of Sicel Arethuse, and Hiero's fame.

O Graces, royal nurseings, who hold dear
The Minyæ's city, once the Theban's fear :
Unbidden I tarry, whither bidden I fare
My Muse my comrade And be ye too there,
Sisters divine ! Were ye and song forget,
What grace had earth ? With you be aye my lot !

IDYLL XVII.

The Praise of Ptolemy.

WITH Zeus begin, sweet sisters, end with Zeus,
When ye would sing the sovereign of the skies:
But first among mankind rank Ptolemy,
First, last, and midmost, being past compare.
Those mighty ones of old, half men half gods,
Wrought deeds that shine in many a subtle strain.
I, no unpractised minstrel, sing but him,
Divinest ears disdain not minstrelsy
But as a woodman sees green Ida rise
Pine above pine, and ponders which to fell
First of these myriads, even so I pause
Where to begin the chapter of his praise:
For thousand and ten thousand are the gifts
‘Therewith high heaven hath graced the kindest king.

Was not he born to compass noblest ends,
Lagus’ own son, so soon as he matured

Schemes such as ne'er had dawned on meaner minds *
Zeus doth esteem him as the blessèd gods ,
In the sire's courts his golden mansion stands
And near him Alexander sits and smiles,
The turbaned Persian's dread , and, fronting both,
Rises the stedfast adamantine seat
Ere fashioned for the bull-slayer Heracles.
Who there holds revels with his heavenly mates,
And sees, with joy exceeding, children rise
On children ; for that Zeus exempts from age
And death their frames who sprang from Heracles :
And Ptolemy, like Alexander, claims
From him , his gallant son their common sire
And when, the banquet o'er, the Strong Man wends,
Cloyed with rich nectar, home unto his wife,
This kinsman hath in charge his cherished shafts
And bow , and that his gnarled and knotted club,
And both to white-limbed Hebe's bower of bliss
Convoy the bearded warrior and his arms

Then how among wise ladies—blest the pair
That ressed her !—peerless Beronicè shone !
Dionè's sacred child, the Cyprian queen,
O'er that sweet bosom passed her taper hands :
And hence, 'tis said, no man loved woman o'er
As Ptolemy loved her. She o'er-repaid

His love ; so, nothing doubting, he could leave
His substance in his loyal children's care,
And rest with her, fond husband with fond wife,
She that loves not bears sons, but all unlike
Their father : for her heart was elsewhere.

O Aphroditè, matchless e'en in heaven
For beauty, thou didst love her, wouldst not let
Thy Berenice cross the wailful waves :
But thy hand snatched her—to the blue lake bound
Else, and the dead's grim ferryman—and enshrined
With thee, to share thy honours. There she sits,
To mortals ever kind, and passion soft
Inspires, and makes the lover's burden light.
The dark-browed Argive, linked with Tydeus, bare
Diomed the slayer, famed in Calydon :
And deep-veiled Thetis unto Peleus gave
The javelineer Achilles. Thou wast born
Of Berenice, Ptolemy by name
And by descent, a warrior's warrior child
Cos from its mother's arms her babe received,
Its destined nursery, on its natal day.
'Twas there Antigone's daughter in her pangs
Cried to the goddess that could bid them cease ;
Who soon was at her side, and lo ! her limbs
Forgot their anguish, and a child was born

THE PRAISE OF PTOLEMY.

Fair, its sire's self. Co^o sw, and shouted loud ;
Handled the habe all tenderly, and spake :

“ Wake, baho, to bhas : prize me, as Phœbus doth
His azure-spherèd Delos - grace the hill
Of Triops, and the Dorians' sister shores,
As king Apollo his Rhœnæ's isle.”

So spake the isle. An eagle high o'erhead
Poised in the clouds screamed thrice, the proph^t.

bird

Of Zeus, and sent by him. For awful kings
All are his care, those chiefest on whose birth
He smiled : exceeding glory waits on them :
Theirs is the sovereignty of land and sea.
But if a myriad realms spread far and wide
O'er earth, if myriad nations till the soil
To which heaven's rain gives increase - yet what land
Is green as low-lying Egypt, when the Nile
Wells forth and piecemeal breaks the sodden globe ?
Where are like cities, peopled by like men ?
Lo he hath seen three hundred towns arise,
Three thousand, yea three myriad ; and o'er all
He rules, the prince of heroes, Ptolemy.
Claims half Phœnicia, and half Araby,
Syria and Libya, and the Æthiops mark

Sways the Pamphylian and Cilician braves,
The Lycian and the Carian trained to war,
And all the isles for never fleet like his
Rode upon ocean land and sea alike
And sounding rivers hail king Ptolemy.
Many are his horsemen, many his targeteers,
Whose burdened breast is bright with clashing steel:
Light are all royal treasures, weighed with his
For wealth from all climes travels day by day
To his rich realm, a hive of prosperous peace.
No foe-man's tramp scares monster-peopled Nile,
Waking to war her far off villages
No armed robber from his war ship leaps
To spoil the herds of Egypt Such a prince
Sits throned in her broad plains, in whose right arm
Quivers the spear, the bright-haired Ptolemy.
Like a true king, he guards with might and main
The wealth his sire's arm won him and his own.
Nor strown all idly o'er his sumptuous halls
Lie piles that seem the work of labouring ants.
The holy homes of gods are rich therewith,
Theirs are the firstfruits, earnest awe of more.
And freely mighty kings thereof partake,
Freely great cities, freely honoured friends.
None entered e'er the sacred lists of song,
Whose lips could breathe sweet music, but he gained

Fair guerdon at the hand of Ptolemy.
And Ptolemy do music's votaries hymn
For his good gifts—hath man a fairer lot
Than to have earned much fame among mankind?
The Atreidæ's name abides, while all the wealth
Won from the sack of Priam's stately home
A mist closed o'er it, to be seen no more
Ptolemy, he only, treads a path whose dust
Bears with the footprints of his ancestors,
And overlays those footprints with his own
He raised rich shrines to mother and to sire,
There reared their forms in ivory and gold,
Passing in beauty, to besfriend mankind
Thighs of fat oxen oftentimes he burns
On crimsoning altars, as the months roll on,
Ay he and his staunch wife No fairer bride
E'er clasped her lord in royal palaces
And her heart's love her brother-husband won.
In such blest union joined the immortal pair
Whom queenly Rhea bore, and heaven obeys:
One couch the maiden of the rainbow decks
With myrrh-dipt hands for Hera and for Zeus

Now farewell, prince! I rank thee aye with gods:
And read this lesson to the afterdays,
Mayhap they'll prize it - 'Honour is of Zeus.'

IDYLL XVIII.

The Bridal of Helen.

WHILOM, in Lacedæmon,
Tript many a maiden fair
To gold tressed Menelaus' halls,
With hyacinths in her hair
Twelve to the Painted Chamber,
The queenliest in the land,
The clustered loveliness of Greeco,
Came dancing hand in hand
For Helen, Tyndarus' daughter,
Had just been wooed and won,
Helen the darling of the world,
By Atreus' younger son
With woven steps they beat the floor
In unison, and sang
Their bridal-hymn of triumph
Till all the palace rang

“Slumberest so soon, sweet bridegroom?
Art thou o’erfond of sleep?
Or hast thou leadenweighted limbs?
Or hadst thou drunk too deep
When thou didst fling thee to thy lair?
Betimes thou should’st have sped,
If sleep were all thy purpose,
Unto thy bachelor’s bed:
And left her in her mother’s arms
To nestle, and to play
A girl among her girlish mates
Till deep into the day:—
For not alone for this night,
Nor for the next alone,
But through the days and through the years
Thou hast her for thine own.

“Nay! heaven, O happy bridegroom,
Smiled as thou enteredst in
To Sparta, like thy brother kings,
And told thee thou should’st win
What hero son-in-law of Zeus
Hath e’er aspired to be?
Yet lo! one coverlet enfolds
The child of Zeus, and thee.

Ne'er did a thing so lovely
Roam the Achaean lea.

"And who shall match her offspring,
If babes are like their mother?
For we were playmates once, and ran
And raced with one another
(All varnished, warrior fashion)
Along Eurotas' tide,
Thrice eighty gentle maidens,
Each in her girlhood's pride.
Yet none of all seemed faultless
If placed by Helen's side

"As peers the nascent Morning
Over thy shades, O Night,
When Winter disenchains the land,
And Spring goes forth in white.
So Helen shone above us,
All loveliness and light.

"As climbs aloft some cypress,
Garden or glade to grace,
As the Thessalian courser lends
A lustre to the race:

So bright o'er Lacedæmon
Shone Helen's rosebud face.

"And who into the basket e'er
The yarn so deftly drew,
Or through the mazes of the web
So well the shuttle threw,
And severed from the framework
As closelywov'n a warp —
And who could wake with masterhand
Such music from the harp,
To hrosdimhed Pallas tuning
And Artemis her lay—
As Helen, Helen in whose eyes
The Loves for ever play?

"O bright, O beautiful, for thee
Are matron-cares begun
We to green paths and blossomed meads
With dawn of morn must run,
And cull a breathing chaplet,
And still our dream shall be,
Helen, of thee, as weanling lambs
Yearn in the pasture for the dams
That nursed their infancy.

For thee the lowly lotus bed
 We'll apoil, and plait a crown
 To hang upon the shadowy plane;
 For thee will we drop down
 ('Neath that same shadowy platan)
 Oil from our silver urn,
 And carven on the bark shall be
 This sentence, 'HALLOW HELEN'S TEAR';
 In Dorian letters, legibly
 For all men to discern

"Now farewell, bride, and bridegroom
 Blest in thy new-found sire!
 May Leto, mother of the brave,
 Bring babes at your desire,
 And holy Cypris either's breast
 With mutual transport fire:
 And Zeus the son of Cronos
 Grant blessings without end,
 From princely sire to princely son
 For ever to descend.

"Sleep on, and love and longing
 Breathe in each other's breast;
 But fail not when the morn returns
 To rouse you from your rest:

With dawn shall we be stirring,
When, lifting high his fair
And feathered neck, the earliest bird
To clarion to the dawn is heard
O god of brides and bridals
Sing ' Happy, happy pair ! ' "

IDYLL XIX

Robt Straling Menep

ONCE thievish Love the honeyed hives would rob,
When a bee stung him soon he felt a throb
Through all his finger tips, and, wild with pain,
Blew on his hands and stamped and jumped in vain
To Aphrodite then he told his woe
'How can a thing so tiny hurt one so?'
She smiled and said, 'Why thou 'rt a tiny thing,
As is the bee, yet sorely thou canst sting.'

IDYLL XX.

Town and Country.

ONCE I would kiss Funicè "Bick," quoth she,
And screamed and stormed, "a sorry clown kiss
me ?

Your country compliments, I like not such,
No lips but gentles' would I deign to touch
Ne'er dream of kissing me ahko I shun
Your face, your language, and your tigerish fun
How winning are your tones, how fine your air !
Your beard how silken and how sweet your hair !
Pah ! you've a sick man's lips, a blackamoor's hand
Your breath 's defilement Leave me, I command "

Thrice spat she on her robe, and, muttering low,
Scanned me, with half shut eyes, from top to toe ;
Brought all her woman's witcheries into play,
Still smiling in a set sarcastic way,
Till my blood boiled, my visage crimson grew
With indignation, as a rose with dew :

IDYLL XXI.

The Fishermen.

ASPHALION, A CONRADE

WANT quickens wit Want's pupils needs must
 work,

O Diophantos for the child of toil
Is grudged his very sleep by carking cares :
Or, if he taste the blessedness of night,
Thought for the morrow soon warns slumber off.

Two ancient fishers once lay side by side
On piled up sea wrack in their wattled hut,
Its leafy wall their curtain Near them lay
The weapons of their trade, basket and rod,
Hooks, weed encumbered nets, and cords and oars,
And, propped on rollers, an infirm old boat
Their pillow was a scanty mat, caked out
With caps and garments such the ways and means,
Such the whole treasury of the fishermen.

They knew no luxuries owned nor door nor dog,
Their craft their all, their mistress Poverty
Their only neighbour Ocean, who for aye
Round their lorn hut came floating lazily.

Ere the moon's chariot was in mid career,
The fishers girt them for their customary toil,
And banished slumber from unwilling eyes,
And roused their dreamy intellects with speech —

ASPHALION

"They say that soon flit summer-nights away,
Because all lingering is the summer day
Friend, it is false, for dream on dream have I
Dreamed, and the dawn still reddens not the sky.
How? am I wandering? or does night pass slow?"

HIS CONRAD.

"Asphalion, scout not the sweet summer so.
'Tis not that wilful seasons have gone wrong,
But care maims slumber, and the nights seem long

ASPHALION

"Didst thou o'er study dreams? For visions fair
I saw last night, and fairly thou should'st share

The wealth I dream of, as the fish I catch.
 Now, for sheer sense, I reckon few thy match;
 And, for a vision, he whose motherwit
 Is his sole tutor best interprets it.
 And now we've time the matter to discuss:
 For who could labour, lying here (like us)
 Pillowed on leaves and neighboured by the deep,
 Or sleeping amid thorns no easy sleep?
 In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet;
 But fish come a'way to the rich man's net."

CONRADE.

"To me the vision of the night relate;
 Speak, and reveal the riddle to thy mate."

ASPHALION.

"Last evening, as I plied my watery trade,
 (Not on an o'erfull stomach—we had made
 Betimes a meagre meal, as you can vouch,)
 I fell asleep; and lo! I seemed to crouch
 Among the boulders, and for fish to wait,
 Still dangling, rod in hand, my vagrant bait.
 A fat fellow caught it: (e'en in sleep I'm bound
 To dream of fishing, as of crusts the hound :)
 Fast clung he to the hooks; his blood outwelled;

THE FISHERMEN

Bent with his struggling was the rod I held
I tugged and tugged my efforts made me ache
'How, with a line thus slight this monster take?'
Then gently, just to warn him he was caught
I twitched him once, then slacked and then in-
stant

My line, for now he offered not to run,
A glance soon showed me all my task was done
'Twas a gold fish, pure metal every inch
That I had captured I began to flinch
'What if this beauty be the sea king's joy,
Or azure Amphitrite's treasured toy!'
With care I disengaged him—not to nip
With hasty hook the gilding from his lip
And with a tow line landed him, and swore
Never to set my foot on ocean more,
But with my gold live royally ashore
So I awoke and, comrade, lend me now
Thy wits, for I am troubled for my vow "

CONRADE

"Ne'er quake you're pledged to nothing, for
prize
You gained or gazed on. Dreams are nought but
lies.

Yet may this dream bear fruit, if, wide-awake
And not in dreams, you'll fish the neighbouring lake.
Fish that are meat you'll there mayhap behold,
Not die of famine, amid dreams of gold "

IDYLL XXII.

The Sons of Leda.

THE pair I sing, that *Aegis* arm'd *Zeus*
Gave unto *Leda*, *Castor* and the dread
Of bruisers *Polydeuces*, whensoo'er
His harness'd hands were lifted for the fray.
Twice and again I sing the manly sons
Of *Leda*, those *Twin Brethren*, *Sparta's* own
Who shield the soldier on the deadly scarp,
The horse wild plunging o'er the crimson field,
The ship that, disregarding in her pride
Star-set and star-rise, meets disastrous gales —
Such gales as pile the billows mountain-high,
E'en at their own wild will, round stem or stern.
Dash o'er the hold, the timbers rive in twain,
Till mast and tackle dangle in mid-air
Shivered like toys, and, as the night wears on,
The rain of heaven falls fast, and, lashed by wind
And iron hail, broad ocean rings again.
Then can they draw from out the nether abyss

Both craft and crew, each deeming he must die :
Lo the winds cease, and o'er the burnished deep
Comes stillness, this way flee the clouds and that ;
And shine out clear the Great Bear and the Less,
And, 'twixt the Asces dimly seen, the Crib
Foretells fair voyage to the mariner
O saviours, O companions of mankind,
Matchless on horse or harp, in lists or lay ,
Which of ye twain demands my earliest song ?
Of both I sing , of Polydeuces first

Argo, escaped the two rushing rocks,
And snow clad Pontus with his baleful jaws,
Came to Behrycia with her heaven sprung freight ;
There by one ladder disembarked a host
Of Heroes from the decks of Jason's ship.
On the low beach, to leeward of the cliff,
They leapt, and piled their beds, and lit their fires :
Castor meanwhile, the bridler of the steed,
And Polydeuces of the nut brown face,
Had wandered from their mates , and, wildered both,
Searched through the boslage of the hill, and found
Hard by a slab of rock a bubbling spring
Brimful of purest water In the depths
Below, like crystal or like silver gleamed
The pebbles high above it pine and plane

And poplar rose, and cypress tipt with green ;
 With all rich flowers that throng the mead, when vances
 The Spring, sweet workshops of the furry bee.
There sat and sunned him one of giant bulk
 And grisly mien : hard knocks had stor'n his ears :
 Broad were his shoulders, vast his orb'd chest ;
 Like a wrought statue rose his iron frame :
 And nigh the shoulder on each brawny arm
 Stood out the muscles, huge as rolling stones
 Caught by some rain-swoln river and shapen smooth
 By its wild eddyings : and o'er nape and spine
 Hung, balanced by the claws, a lion's skin
Him Leda's conquering son accosted first —

POLYDEUCES.

Luck to thee, friend unknown ! Who own this shro ?

AMYCUS.

Luck, quotha, to see men ne'er seen before !

POLYDEUCES

Fear not, no base or base-born herd are we.

AMYCUS.

Nothing I fear, nor need learn this from thee.

POLYDEUCES

What art thou ? brutish churl, or o'erproud king ?

AMYCUS.

E'en what thou see'st and I am not trespassing.

POLYDEUCES

Visit our land, take gifts from us, and go.

AMYCUS

I seek naught from thee and can naught bestow.

POLYDEUCES

Not e'en such grace as from yon spring to sip ?

AMYCUS

Try, if parch'd thirst sits languid on thy lip.

POLYDEUCES

Can silver move thee ? or if not, what can ?

AMYCUS

Stand up and fight me singly, man with man.

POLYDEUCES.

With fists ? or fist and foot, eye covering eye ?

ANYCUS.

Fall to with fists; and all thy cunning try.

POLYDEUCES.

This arm, these gauntlets, who shall dare withstand?

ANYCUS.

I: and "the Bruiser" lifts no woman's-hand,

POLYDEUCES.

Wilt thou, to crown our strife, some meed assign?

ANYCUS.

Thou shalt be called my master, or I thine.

POLYDEUCES.

By crimson-crested cocks such games are won.

ANYCUS.

Lions or cocks, we'll play this game or none.

He spoke, and clutched a hollow shell, and blew
His clarion. Straightway to the shadowy pine
Clustering they came, as loud it pealed and long,
Bebrycia's bearded sons; and Castor too,

The peerless in the lists, went forth and called
From the Magnesian ship the Heroes all.

Then either warrior armed with coils of hide
His hands, and round his limbs bound ponderous hands,
And, breathing blood-hed, stept into the ring
First there was much manœuvring, who should catch
The sunlight on his rear but thou didst foil,
O Polydectes, valour by address,
And fall on Amycus' face the hot noon smote
He in hot wrath strode forward, threatening war,
Straightway the Tyndarid smote him, as he closed,
Full on the chin more furious waxed he still,
And, earthward bent, dealt blindly random blows.
Babrycia shouted loud, the Greeks too cheered
Their champion fearing lest in that scant space
Thus Tityns by sheer weight should bear him down.
But, shifting yet still there, the son of Zeus
Scored him with swift exchange of left and right,
And checked the onrush of the sea god a child
Pallous albeit till, reeling with his wounds,
He stood, and from his lips spat crimson blood.
Cheered yet again the princes, when they saw
The lips and jaw all seamed with pateous scars,
And the swollen visage and the half closed eyes.
Still the prince teased him, feinting here or there

A thrust, and when he saw him helpless all,
Let drive beneath his eyelids at his nose,
And laid it bare to the bone The stricken man
Measured his length supine amid the fern
Keen was the fighting when he rose again,
Deadly the blows their sturdy gauntlets dealt
But while Behryen's chestain sparred round chest
And utmost shoulder, the resistless foe
Made his whole face one mass of hideous wounds.
While the one sweated all his bulk away,
And, late a giant, seemed a pigmy now,
The other's limbs waxed ever as he fought
In semblance and in size But in what wise
The child of Zeus brought low that man of greed,
Tell, Muse, for thine is knowledge I unfold
A secret not mine own, at thy behest
Speak or am dumb, nor speak but as thou wilt.

Amycus, athirst to do some doughty deed,
Stooping aslant from Polydences' lunge
Locked their left hands, and, stepping out, upheaved
From his right hip his ponderous other arm
And hit and harmed had been Amyclæ's king;
But, ducking low, he smote with one stont fist
The foe's left temple—fast the life-blood streamed
From the grim rift—and on his shoulder fell.

While with his left he reached the mouth, and made
The set teeth tingle, and, redoubling aye
His plashing blows, made havoc of his face
And crashed into his cheeks, till all abroad
He lay, and throwing up his arms disclaimed
The strife, for he was even at death a door.
No wrong the vanquished suffered at thy hands,
O Polydeuces, but he swore an oath,
Calling his sire Poseidon from the depths,
Ne'er to do violence to a stranger more.

Thy tale, O prince, is told Now sing I thee,
Castor the Tyndarid, lord of rushing horse
And shaking javelin, corseleted in brass.

PART II.

The sons of Zeus had borne two maids away,
Leucippus' daughters Straight in hot pursuit
Went the two brethren, sons of Aphareus,
Lyncæus and Idas bold, their plighted lords.
And when the tomb of Aphareus was gained,
All leapt from out their cars, and front to front
Stood, with their ponderous spears and orbèd shields
First Lyncæus shouted loud from 'neath his helm ;

*" Whence, sirs, this lust for strife ? Why, sworn
in hand,*

Raise ye this coil about your neighbours' wives ?
To us Leucippus these his daughters gave,
Long ere ye saw them they are ours on oath
Ye, coveting (to your shame) your neighbour's bed
And kine and asses and whate'er is his
Suborned the man and stole our wives by bribes
How often spake I thus before your face,
Yet I myself, though scant I am of phrase
' Not thus, fair sirs, do honourable men
Seek to woo wives whose troth is given elsewhere.
Lo, broad is Sparta, broad the hunting grounds
Of Elis fleecy Arcady is broad,
And Argos and Messenè and the towns
To westward, and the long Stryphian reach
There 'neath her parents' roof dwells many a maid
Second to none in godliness or wit
Wed of all these, and welcome, whom ye will,
For all men court the kinship of the brave,
And ye are as your sires, and they whose blood
Runs in your mother's veins, the flower of war.
Nay, sirs, but let us bring this thing to pass,
Then, taking counsel, choose meet brides for you '
So I ran on, but o'er the shifting seas
The wind's breath blew my words, that found no grace

With you, for ye defied the charmer's voice.
Yet listen to me now if no'er before :
Lo ! we are kinsmen by the father's side
But if ye lust for war, if strife must break
Forth among kin, and bloodshed quench our seed,
Bold Polydeuces then shall hold his hands
And his cousin Idas from the abhorred fray -
While I and Castor, the two younger born,
Try war's arbitrement, so spare our sires
Sorrow exceeding In one house one dead
Sufficeth let the others glad their mates,
To the bride-chamber passing, not the grave,
And o'er yon maids sing jubilee Well it were
At cost so small to lay so huge a strife "

He spoke—his words heaven gave not to the
winds

They, the two first-born, disarrayed and piled
Their arms, while Lynceus stept into the ring,
And at his shield's rim shook his stalwart spear.
And Castor likewise poised his quivering lance,
High waved the plume on either warrior's helm.
First each at other thrust with busy spear
Where'er he spied an inch of flesh exposed
But lo ! both spearpoints in their wicker shields
Lodged ere a blow was struck, and snapt in twain.

THE SONS OF LEDA.

Then they unsheathed their swords, and framed
modes

Of slaughter pause or respite there was none
Oft Castor on broad shield and plumed helm
Lit, and oft keen eyed Lynceus pierced his shield,
Or grazed his crest of crimson But anon,
As Lynceus aimed his blade at Castor's knee,
Back with the left sprang Castor and strock off
His fingers from the maimed limb dropped the sword
And, flying straightway, for his father's tomb
He made, where gallant Idas sat and saw
The battle of the brethren But the child
Of Zeus rushed in, and with his broadsword drove
Through flank and navel, sundering with swift stroke
His vitals Lynceus tottered and he fell,
And o'er his eyelids rushed the dreamless sleep
Nor did their mother see her older son
Come a fair bridegroom to his Cretan home
For Idas wrenched from off the dead man's tomb
A jutting slab, to hurl it at the man
Who had slain his brother Then did Zeus bring
aid,

And strock the marble fabric from his grasp,
And with red lightning burned his frame to dust
So doth he fight with odds who dares provoke
The Tyndarids, mighty sons of mighty sire

Now farewell, Leda's children : prosper aye
The songs I sing What minstrel loves not well
The Tyndarids, and Helen, and the chiefs
That trod Troy down for Menelaus' sake ?
The bard of Chios wrought your royal deeds
Into his lays, who sang of Priam's state,
And fights 'neath Iliou's walls, of sailor Greeks,
And of Achilles towering in the strife.
Yet take from me whate'er of clear sweet song
The Muse accords me, even all my store !
The gods' most precious gift is minstrelsy.

IDYLL XXIII.

Love Abandoned.

A LAD deep dipt in passion pined for one
Whose mood was froward as her face was fair
Lovers she loathed, for tenderness she had none

Ne'er knew what Love was like, nor how he bare
A bow, and arrows to make young maids smart
Proof to all speech, all access, seemed her heart

So he found naught his furnace to allay ,

No quiver of lips, no lighting of kind eyes,
Nor rose-flushed cheek, no talk, no lover's play

Was denied him but as forest beasts are shy
Of hound and hunter, with this wight dealt she,
Fierce was her lip, her eyes gleamed ominously

Her tyrant's heart was imaged in her face,

That flushed, then altering put on blank disdain
Yet, even then, her anger had its grace,
And made her lover fall in love again

No struggle of heart it cost her, no'er a tear

She wept o'er that young life, nor shunned to soil,
By contact with the corpse, her woman's-gear

But on she went to watch the athletes' toil,
Then made for her loved haunt, the riverside:
And there she met the god she had defied.

For on a marble pedestal Eros stood

Fronting the pool the statue leaped, and smote
And slew that miscreant All the stream ran blood
And to the top a girl's cry seemed to float.

Rejoice, O lovers, since the scorner fell,
And, maids, be kind, for Love deals justice well.

IDYLL XXIV.

The Infant Heracles.

ALCMENA once had washed and given the breast
To Heracles, a babe of ten months old,
And Iphicles his junior by a night,
And cradled both within a brazen shield,
A gorgeous trophy, which Amphitryon erst
Had stript from Pterelaus fall'n in fight
She stroked their baby brows, and thus she said :

" Sleep, children mine, a light luxurious sleep,
Brother with brother sleep, my boys, my life .
Blest in your slumber, in your waking blest ! "

She spake and rocked the shield , and in his arms
Sleep took them But at midnight, when the Bear
Wheels to his setting, in Orion's front
Whose shoulder then beams broadest , Hera sent,
Mistress of wiles, two huge and hideous things,
Snakes with their scales of azure all on end,

To the broad portal of the chamber-door,
All to devour the infant Heracles
They, all their length uncoiled upon the floor,
Writhed on to their blood-feast, a baleful light
Gleamed in their eyes, rank venom they spat forth
But when with lambent tongues they neared the cot,
Alcmena's babes (for Zeus was watching all)
Woke, and throughout the chamber there was light.
Then Iphicles—so soon as he descried
The fell brutes peering o'er the hollow shield,
And saw their merciless fangs—cried lustily,
And kicked away his coverlet of down,
Fain to escape. But Heracles, he clung
Round them with warlike hands, in iron grasp
Prisoning the two. his clutch upon their throat,
The deadly snake's laboratory, where
He brews such poisons as e'en heaven abhors
They twined and twisted round the babe that, born
After long travail, ne'er had shed a tear
E'en in his nursery, soon to quit their hold,
For powerless seemed their spines. Alcmena heard,
While her lord slept, the crying, and awoke.

“Amphitryon, up chill fears take hold on me.
Up. stay not to put sandals on thy feet
Hear'st thou our child, our younger, how he cries?

Seest thou yon walls illumed at dead of night,
But not by morn's pure beam ? I know, I know,
Sweet lord, that some strange thing is happening here "

She spake, and he, upleaping at her call,
Made swiftly for the sword of quaint device
That aye hung dangling o'er his cedarn couch ;
And he was reaching at his span new belt
The scabbard (one huge piece of lotus wood)
Poised on his arm, when suddenly the night
Spread out her hands, and all was dark again
Then cried he to his slaves, whose sleep was deep
" Quick, slaves of mine, fetch fire from yonder hearth
And force with all your strength the doorbolts back !
Up, loyal hearted slaves the master calls "

Forth came at once the slaves with lighted lamps
The house was all astir with hurrying feet
But when they saw the suckling Heracles
With the two brutes grasped firm in his soft hands,
They shouted with one voice But he must show
The reptiles to Amphitryon, held aloft
His hands in childish glee, and laughed and laid
At his sire's feet the monsters still in death

Then did Alcmena to her bosom take

The terror-blanch'd and passionate Iphicles:
Cradling the other in a lambswool quilt,
Her lord once more bethought him of his rest.

Now cocks had thrice sung out that night was o'er.
Then went Alcmena forth and told the thing
To Teiremas the seer, whose words were truth,
And bade him redo her what the end should be:—
'And if the gods bode mischief, hide it not,
Pitying, from me man shall not thus avoid
The doom that Fate upon her distaff spins,
Son of Eueres, thou hast ears to hear.'

Thus spake the queen, and thus he made reply:
"Mother of monarchs, Perseus' child, take heart;
And look but on the fairer side of things.
For by the precious light that long ago
Left tenantless these eyes, I swear that oft
Achæa's maidens, as when eve is high
They mould the silken yarn upon their lap,
Shall tell Alcmena's story blest art thou
Of women Such a man in this thy son
Shall one day scale the star-encumbered heaven:
His amplitude of chest bespeaks him lord
Of all the forest beasts and all mankind
Twelve tasks accomplished he must dwell with Zeus,

His flesh given over to Trachinian fires,
And son in law be hailed of these same gods
Who sent you skulking brutes to slay thy babe
Lo! the day cometh when the fawn shall couch
In the wolf's lair, nor fear the spiky teeth
That would not harm him But, O lady, keep
You smouldering fire alive, prepare you piles
Of fuel, bramble sprays or fern or furze
Or pear boughs dried with swinging in the wind;
And let the kindled wild wood burn those snakes
At midnight, when they looked to slay thy babe.
And let at dawn some handmaid gather up
The ashes of the fire, and diligently
Convey and cast each remnant o'er the stream
Faced by clov'n rocks, our boundary then return
Nor look behind And purify your home
First with sheer sulphur, rain upon it then,
(Chaplets of olive wound about your heads,)
Innocuous water, and the custom'd salt
Lastly, to Zeus almighty slay a boar
So shall ye vanquish all your enemies "

Spake Terresias, and wheeling (though his years
Weighed on him sorely) gained his ivory car.
And Heracles as some young orchard tree
Grew up, Amphitryon his reputed sire.

Old Lanns taught him letters, Phoebus' child,
A dauntless toiler by the midnight lamp
Each fall whereby the sons of Argos fell,
The flingers by cross-buttock, each his man
By feats of wrestling all that boxers s'er,
Grim in their gauntlets, have devised, or they
Who wage mixed warfare and, adepts in art,
Upon the foe fall headlong all such lore
Phocian Harpaliens gave him, Hermes' son -
Whom no man might behold while yet far off
And wait his armed onset undismayed
A brow so trinculent roofed so stern a face
To launch, and steer in safety round the goal,
Chariot and steed, and damage ne'er a wheel,
Thus the lad learned of fond Amphitryon a self
Many a fair prize from listed warriors he
Had won on Argive racegrounds, yet the car
Whereon he sat came still unshattered home,
What gaps were in his harness time had made
Then with couched lance to reach the foe, his target
Covering his rear, and bide the biting sword,
Or, on the warpath, place his ambushade,
Marshal his lines and rally his cavaliers,
Thus knightly Castor learned him, erst exiled
From Argos, when her realms with all their wealth
Of vineyards fell to Tydeus, who received

THE INFANT HERACLES.

Her and her chariots at Adrastus' hand
Amongst the Heroes none was Castor's match
Till age had dimmed the glory of his youth.

Such tutors this fond mother gave her son,
The stripling's bed was at his father's side,
One after his own heart, a lion's skin
His dinner, roast meat, with a loaf that filled
A Dorian basket, you might soothly say
Had satisfied a delver, and to close
The day he took, sans fire, a scanty meal
A simple frock went halfway down his leg :

* * * * *

IDYLL XXV.

Menaeles the Lion Slayer.

* * * * *

TO whom thus spake the herdsman of the herd,
 Pausing a moment from his handiwork
"Friend, I will solve thy questions, for I fear
The angry looks of Hermes of the roads.
No dweller in the skies is wroth as he,
With him who saith the asking traveller nay.

"The flocks Augeas owns, our gracious lord,
One pasture pastures not, nor one fence bounds.
They wander, look you, some by Elis'us' banks
Or god beloved Alpheus' sacred stream,
Some by Buprasion, where the grape abounds,
Some here their folds stand separate. But before
His herds, though they be myriad, yonder glades
That belt the broad lake round be fresh and fair
For ever - for the low lying meadows take
The dew, and teem with herbage honey-sweet,

To lend new vigour to the hornèd kine
Here on thy right their stalls thou canst descrie
By the flowing river, for all eyes to see
Here, where the platans blossom all the year,
And glimmers green the olive that enshrines
Rural Apollo, most august of gods
Hard by, fair mansions have been reared for us
His herdsmen, us who guard with might and main
His riches that are more than tongue may tell
Casting our seed o'er fallows thrice upturn'd
Or four times by the share, the bounds whereof
Well do the delvers know, whose busy feet
Troop to his wine vats in fair summer time.
Yea, all these acres wise Aogéas owns,
These corn clad uplands and these orchards green,
Far as yon ledges whence the cataracts leap
Here do we haunt, here toil, as is the wont
Of labourers in the fields, the livelong day
But prythee tell me thou—so shalt thou best
Serve thine own interests—wherefore art thou here?
Seeking Aogéas, or mayhap some slave
That serves him? I can tell thee and I will
All thou would'st know for of no churlish blood
Thou camest, nor wert nurtured as a churl:
That read I in thy statchness of form,
The sons of heaven move thus among mankind."

Then answered him the warrior son of Zeus,
 "Yea, veteran, I would see the Epéan King
 Augéas, surely for this end I came.
 If he bides there amongst his citizens,
 Ruling the folk, determining the laws,
 Look, father, bid some serf to be my guide,
 Some honoured master-worker in the fields,
 Who to shrowd questions shrewdly can reply.
 Are not we made dependent each on each?"

To him the good old swain made answer thus:
 "Stranger, some god hath timed thy visit here,
 And given thee straightway all thy heart's desire.
 Hither Augéas, offspring of the Sun,
 Came, with young Phylens splendid in his strength
 But yesterday from the city, to review
 (Not in one day) his multitudinous wealth,
 Methinks e'en princes say within themselves,
 'The safeguard of the flock's the master's eye.'
 But haste, we'll seek him to my own fold I
 Will pilot thee, there haply find the King"

He said and went in front but pondered much
 (As he surveyed the lion-skin and the club,
 Itself an armful) whence this stranger came;
 And fain had asked But fear recalled the words

That trembled on his hip, the fear to say
Aught that his fiery friend might take amiss
For who can fathom all his fellow's mind ?

The dogs perceived their coming, yet far off
They scented flesh, they heard the thud of feet,
And with wild gallop, baying furiously,
Ran at Amphitryon's son but feebly whined
And fawned upon the old man at his side
Then Heracles, just lifting from the ground
A pebble, scared them home, and with hard words
Cursed the whole pack, and having stopped their din
(Inly rejoiced, nathless, to see them guard
So well an absent master's house) he spake

" Lo ! what a friend the royal gods have given
Man in the dog ! A trusty servant he !
Had he withal an understanding heart,
To teach him when to rage and when forbear,
What brute could claim like praise ? But, lacking wit
'Tis but a passionate random-raving thing."

He spake - the dogs ran scurrying to their lairs,
And now the sun wheeled round his westering ear
And led still evening on from every field
Came thronging the fat flocks to hield and byre.

Then in their thousands, drove on drove, the kine
Came into view; as rainclouds, onward driven
By stress of gales, the west or mighty north,
Come up o'er all the heaven, and none may count
And naught may stay them as they sweep through air;
Such multitudes the storm's strength drives ahead,
Such multitudes chumb surging in the rear—
So in swift sequences drove succeeded drove,
And all the champaign, all the highways swarmed
With tramping oxen, all the sumptuous less
Rang with their lowing. Soon enough the stalls
Were populous with the laggard-footed kine,
Soon did the sheep be folded in their folds.
Then of that legion none stood idle, none
Gaped listless at the herd, with naught to do:
But one drew near and milked them, binding clogs
Of wood with leather thongs around their feet:
One brought, all hankering for the milk they loved,
The longing young ones to the longing dams
One held the pail, one pressed the dainty cheese,
Or drove the bulls home, sundered from the kine.
Pacing from stall to stall, Augéas saw
What revenue his herdsman brought him in.
With him his son surveyed the royal wealth,
And, strong of limb and purpose, Heracles.
Then, though the heart within him was as steel,

Among the herd, the cynosure of eyes
 He, soon as he descried the sun dried skin
 Of the grim lion, made at Heracles
 (Whose eye was on him)—fain to make his crest
 And sturdy brow acquainted with his flanks
 Straight the prince grasped him with no tender grasp
 By the left horn, and bowed that giant bulk
 To earth, neck foremost then, by pressure brought
 To bear upon his shoulder, forced him back.
 The web of muscles that enwraps the nerves
 Stood out from the brute's fore arm plain to see.
 marvelled the King, and Phylens his brave son,
 At the strange prowess of Amphytrion's child.

Then townwards, leaving straight that rich cham-
 psain,
 Stout Heracles his comrade, Phylens fired,
 And soon as they had gained the paven road,
 Making their way hotfooted o'er a path
 (Not o'er conspicuous in the dim green wood)
 That left the farm and threaded through the
 vines,
 Out-spake unto the child of Zeus most high,
 Who followed in his steps, Augéas' son,
 O'er his right shoulder glancing pleasantly.

“O stranger, as some old familiar tale

I seem to cast thy history in my mind.
For there came one to Argos, young and tall,
By birth a Greek from Helicè-on-seas,
Who told this tale before a multitude.
How that an Argive in his presence slew
A fearful lion-beast, the dread and death
Of herdsmen; which inhabited a den
Or cavern by the grove of Nemean Zeus.
He may have come from sacred Argos' self,
Or Tiryns, or Mycenæ what know I?
But thus he told his tale, and said the slayer
Was (if my memory serves me) Perseus' son.
Methinks no islander had dared that deed
Save thee: the lion's skin that wraps thy ribs
Argues full well some gallant feat of arms.
But tell me, warrior, first—that I may know
If my prophetic soul speak truth or not—
Art thou the man of whom that stranger Greek
Spoke in my hearing? Have I guessed aright?
How slew you single-handed that fell beast?
How came it among rivered Nemea's glens?
For none such monster could the eagerest eye
Find in all Greece. Greece harbours bear and boar,
And deadly wolf: but not this larger game.
'Twas this that made his listeners marvel then:
They deemed he told them travellers' tales, to win
By random words applause from standers-by."

Then Phyleus from the mid-road edged away,
That both might walk abreast, and he might catch
More at his ease what fell from Heracles
Who journeying now alongside thus began —

“ On the prior matter O Augéas’ child,
Thine own unaided wit hath ruled aright
But all that monster’s history, how it fell,
Fain would I tell thee who hast ears to hear,
Save only whence it came for none of all
The Argive host could read that riddle right
Some god, we dimly guessed, our niggard vows
Repenting, had upon Phoroneus realm
Let loose this very scourge of humankind
On peopled Pisa plunging like a flood
The brute ran riot notably it cost
Its neighbours of Bembina woes untold
And here Eurystheus bade me try my first
Passage of arms, and slay that fearsome thing.
So with my huxom bow and quiver lined
With arrows I set forth my left hand held
My club, a beething olive’s stalwart trunk
And shapely, still environed in its bark.
This hand had torn from holiest Helicon
The tree entire, with all its fibrous roots,
And finding soon the lion’s whereabouts,

HERACLES THE LION SLAYER

grasped my bow, and on the bent horn slipped
the string, and laid thereon the shaft of death
and, now all eyes, I watched for that fell thing,
I hoped to view him ere he spied out me
at midday came, and nowhere could I see
the footprint of the beast or hear his roar.
And, trust me, none appeared of whom to ask,
Herdsman or labourer, in the furrowed lea,
For woe dismay kept each man in his hut
Still on I footed, searching through and through
The leafy mountain passes, till I saw
The creature, and forthwith essayed my strength.
Gorged from some gory carcass, on he stalked
At eve towards his lair, his grizzled mane,
Shoulders, and grim glad visago, all adrip
With carnage, and he licked his bearded lips.
I, crouched among the shadows of the trees
On the green hill top, waited his approach,
And as he came I aimed at his left flank
The barbed shaft sped idly, nor could pierce
The flesh, but glancing dropped on the green grass
He, wondering, raised forthwith his tawny head,
And ran his eyes o'er all the vicinage,
And snarled and gave to view his cavernous throat.
Meanwhile I levelled yet another shaft,
Ill pleased to think my first had fled in vain.

In the mid chest I smote him, where the lungs
Are seated still the arrow sank not in,
But fell, its errand frustrate, at his feet.
Once more was I preparing, sore chagrined,
To draw the bowstring, when the ravenous beast
Glaring around espied me, lashed his sides
With his huge tail, and opened war at once
Swelled his vast neck, his dun locks stood on end
With rage his spine moved sinuous as a bow,
Till all his weight hung poised on flank and loins.
And e'en as, when a chariot hunder bends
With practised skill his shafts of splintered fig,
Hot from the fire, to be his axle wheels,
Thence the tough rinded sapling from the hands
That shape it, at a bound recoiling far
So from far off the dread beast, all of a heap,
Sprang on me, hungering for my life blood. I
Thrust with one hand my arrows in his face
And my doffed doublet, while the other raised
My seasoned cudgel o'er his crest, and drove
Full at his temples, breaking clean in twain
On the fourfooted warrior's airy scalp
My club, and ere he reached me, down he fell
Headlong he fell, and poised on tremulous feet
Stood, his head wagging, and his eyes grown dim
For the sbrewd stroke had shattered brain and bone

I, marking him beside himself with pain,
Fell, ere recovering he should breathe again,
At vantage on his solid sinewy neck,
My bow and woven quiver thrown aside
With iron clasp I gripped him from the rear
(His talons else had torn me) and, my foot
Set on him, forced to earth by dint of heel
His hinder parts, my flanks entrenched the while
Behind his fore-arm; till his thews were stretched
And strained, and on his branches stark he stood
And lifeless; hell received his monstrous ghost.
Then with myself I counselled how to strip
From off the dead beast's limbs his shaggy hide,
A task full onerous, since I found it proof
Against all blows of steel or stone or wood.
Some god at last inspired me with the thought,
With his own claws to rend the lion's skin.
With these I flayed him soon, and sheathed and
armed
My limbs against the shocks of murderous war.
Thus, sir, the Nemean lion met his end,
Erewhile the constant curse of beast and man."

IDYLL XXVI.

The Bacchanals.

A GAVE of the vermillion-tinted cheek
And Ino and Autonoe marshalled erst
Three bands of revellers under one hill peak.

They plucked the wild oak's matted foliage first,
Lush ivy then, and creeping asphodel,
And reared therewith twelve shrines amid the untrodden
fell

To Semelè three, to Dionysus nine

Next, from a vase drew offerings subtly wrought,
And prayed and placed them on each fresh green
shrine;

So by the god, who loved such tribute, taught.
Perched on the sheer cliff, Pentheus could espy
All, in a mastick hoar ensconced that grew thereby.

THE BACCHANALS.

Anteonā marked him, and with frightful cries

Flew to make havoc of those mysteries weird
That must not be profaned by vulgar eyes

Her frenzy frenzied all Then Pentheus feared
And fled and in his wake those damsels three,
Each with her trailing robe up-gathered to the

“What will ye, dames,” quoth Pentheus “Thou
 shalt guess

At what we mean, untold,” Anteonā said
Agavē moaned—so moans a lioness

Over her young one—as she clutched his head
While Ino on the carcase fairly leapt
Her heel, and wrenched away shoulder and shoulder-
 blade

Anteonā's turn came next and what remained

Of flesh their damsels did among them share,
And back to Thebes they came all carnage stained,
And plauted not a king but aching there.

Warned by this tale, let no man dare defy
Great Bacchus, lest a death more awful he should die,

And when he counts nine years or scarcely ten,
Rush to his ruin May I pass my days

Uprightly, and be loved of upright men !

And take this motto, all who covet praise :

(‘Twas *Ægis-bearing Zeus* that spake it first :)

‘The godly seed fares well the wicked’s is accurst.’

Now bless ye *Bacchus*, whom on mountain snows,

Prisoned in his thigh till then, the Almighty
laid

And bless ye fairfaced *Semele*, and those

Her sisters, hymned of many a hero maid,

Who wrought, by *Bacchus* fired, a deed which none
May gainsay—who shall blame that which a god hath
done !

IDYLL XXVII.

A Countryman's Eloeing.

DAPHNIS. A MAIDEN.

THE MAIDEN.

HOW full ago Helen ? through a swain like thee.

DAPHNIS.

Nay the true Helen's just now kissing me.

THE MAIDEN.

Satyr, do'er boast: 'what's idler than a kiss ?'

DAPHNIS.

Yet in such pleasant idling there's bliss.

THE MAIDEN.

I'll wash my mouth: where go thy kisses then ?

DAPHNIS.

Wash, and return it—to be kissed again.

THE MAIDEN

Go kiss your oxen, and not unwed maids.

DAPHNIS

Ne'er boast, for beauty is a dream that fades.

THE MAIDEN

Past grapes are grapes dead roses keep their smell

DAPHNIS,

Come to you olives I have a tale to tell.

THE MAIDEN

Not I you fooled me with smooth words before.

DAPHNIS

Come to you elms, and hear me pipe once more.

THE MAIDEN

Pipe to yourself your piping makes me cry.

DAPHNIS

A maid, and flout the Paphian? Fie, oh fie!

THE MAIDEN

She's naught to me, if Artemis' favour last.

DAPHNIS

Hush, ere she smite you and entrap you fast

THE MAIDEN

And let her smite me, trap me as she will !

DAPHNIS

Your Artemis shall be your saviour still ?

THE MAIDEN

Unhand me ! What, again ? I'll tear your lip

DAPHNIS

Can you could damsel e'er give I ove the ship ?

THE MAIDEN

You are his bondslave but not I by Pan !

DAPHNIS

I doubt he'll give thee to a worser man

THE MAIDEN

Many have wooed me, but I fancied none

DAPHNIS

'Till among many came the destined one

THE MAIDEN

Wedlock is woe Dear lad, what can I do ?

IDYLL XXVII

DAPHNIS

Woe it is not, but joy and dancing too.

THE MAIDEN

Wives dread their husbands so I've heard it said.

DAPHNIS

Nay, they rule o'er them What does woman dread?

THE MAIDEN

Then children—Eucithya's dart is keen.

DAPHNIS

But the deliverer, Artemis, is your queen.

THE MAIDEN

And bearing children all our grace destroys.

DAPHNIS

Bear them and shine more lustrous in your boys

THE MAIDEN

Should I say yea, what dower awaits me then?

DAPHNIS

Thine are my cattle, thine this glade and glen.

THE MAIDEN.

Swear not to wed, then leave me in my woe ?

DAPHNIS.

Not I by Pan, though thou should'st bid me go.

THE MAIDEN.

And shall a cot be mine, with farm and fold !

DAPHNIS

Thy cot's half-built, fair wethers range this wold.

THE MAIDEN.

What, what to my old father must I say ?

DAPHNIS.

Soon as he hears my name he'll not say nay.

THE MAIDEN.

Speak it : by e'en a name we're oft beguiled.

DAPHNIS.

I'm Daphnis, Lycid's and Nomæa's child.

THE MAIDEN.

Well-born indeed : and not less so am I.

DAPHNIS.

I know—Menalcas' daughter may look high.

THE MAIDEN

That grove, where stands your sheepfold, shew me
please.

DAPHNIS.

Nay look, how green, how tall my cypress-trees.

THE MAIDEN.

Graze, goats : I go to learn the herdaman's trade.

DAPHNIS

Feed, bulls : I shew my copces to my maid.

THE MAIDEN.

Satyr, what mean you ? You presume o'ermuch.

DAPHNIS.

This waist is round, and pleasant to the touch.

THE MAIDEN.

By Pan, I'm like to swoon ! Unband me pray !

DAPHNIS.

Why be so timorous ? Pretty coward, stay.

THE MAIDEN.

This bank is wet: you've soiled my pretty gown.

DAPHNIS.

See, a soft fleece to guard it I put down.

THE MAIDEN

And you've purloined my sash. What can this mean?

DAPHNIS.

This sash I'll offer to the Paphian queen.

THE MAIDEN.

Stay, miscreant—some one comes—I heard a noise.

DAPHNIS.

'Tis but the green trees whispering of our joys

THE MAIDEN

You've torn my plaidie, and I am half unclad.

DAPHNIS.

Anon I'll give thee a yet ampler plaid.

THE MAIDEN.

Generous just now, you'll one day grudge me bread

IDYLL XXVII.

DAPHNIS.

Ah! for thy sake my life-blood I could shed.

THE MAIDEN

Artemis, forgive! Thy creature breaks her vow.

DAPHNIS

Love, and Love's mother, claim a calf and cow.

THE MAIDEN

A woman I depart, my girlhood o'er.

DAPHNIS

Be wife, be mother, but a girl no more.

Thus interchanging whispered talk the pair,
Their faces all aglow, long lingered there.
At length the hour arrived when they must part.
With downcast eyes, but sunshine in her heart,
She went to tend her flock, while Daphnis ran
Back to his herded bulls, a happy man.

IDYLL XXVIII.

The Distaff.

DISTAFF, blithely whirling distaff, azure eyed
Athena's gift

To the sex the aim and object of whose lives is house-
hold thrift,

Seek with me the gorgeous city raised by Neilus, where
a plain

Roof of pale-green rush o'er arches Aphrodité's hal-
lowed fane

Thither ask I Zeus to waft me, fain to see my old
friend's face,

Nicias, o'er whose birth presided every passion-breath-
ing Grace,

Fain to meet his answering welcome, and anon
deposit thee

In his lady's hands, thou marvel of laborious ivory.

Many a manly robe yo'll fashion, much translucent
maiden's gear,

Nay, should e'er the fleecy mothers twice within the
selfsame year

Yield their wool in yonder pasture, Theogenus of the
dainty feet

Would perform the double labour matron's cares to
her are sweet

To an idler or a trader I had verily been loth
To resign thee, O my distaff, for the same land bred us
both

In the land Corinthian Archias built aforetime, thou
hadst birth,

In our island's core and marrow, whence have sprung
the kings of earth

To the home I now transfer thee of a man who knows
full well

Every craft whereby men's bodies dare diseases may
repeal

There to live in sweet Miletus Lady of the Distaff she
Shall be named, and oft reminded of her poet friend
by thee

Men shall look on thee and murmur to each other,
'Lo! how small

Was the gift, and yet how precious! Friendship's
gifts are priceless all'

IDYLL XXIX.

Notes.

‘SINCERITY comes with the wine-cup,’ my dear :
Then now o’er our wine cups let us be sincere
My soul’s treasured secret to you I’ll impart ,
It is this , that I never won fairly your heart
One half of my life, I am conscious, has flown ,
The residue lives on your image alone
You are kind, and I dream I’m in paradise then ;
You are angry, and lo ! all is darkness again.
It is right to torment one who loves you ? Ohey
Your elder ; ’twere best ; and you’ll thank me one
day

Settle down in one nest on one tree (taking care
That no cruel reptile can clamber up there) ,
As it is with your lovers you’re fairly perplexed ,
One day you choose one bough, another the next
Whoe’er at all struck by your graces appears,
Is more to you straight than the comrade of years ;
While he’s like the friend of a day put aside ;

For the breath of your nostrils, I think, is your pride.
 Form a friendship, for life, with some likely young lad;
 So doing, in honour your name shall be had.
 Nor would Love use you hardly; though lightly
 can he

Bind strong men in chains, and has wrought upon me
 Till the steel is as wax—but I'm longing to press
 That exquisite mouth with a clinging caress.

No? Reflect that you're older each year than the
 last,
 That we all must grow gray, and the wrinkles come
 fast.

Reflect, ere you spurn me, that youth at his sides
 Wears wings; and once gone, all pursuit he derides:
 Nor are men over keen to catch charms as they fly.
 Think of this and be gentle, be loving as I:
 When your years are maturer, we two shall be then
 The pair in the *Iliad* over again.
 But if you consign all my words to the wind
 And say, 'Why annoy me? you're not to my mind,'
 I—who lately in quest of the Gold Fruit had sped
 For your sake, or of Cerberus guard of the dead—
 Though you called me, would ne'er stir a foot from my
 door,

For my love and my sorrow thenceforth will be o'er.

IDYLL XXX.

The Death of Adonis.

CYTHERA saw Adonis
And knew that he was dead ;
She marked the brow, all grisly now,
The cheek no longer red ,
And " *Bring the boar before me* "
Unto her Loves she said

Forthwith her winged attendants
Ranged all the woodland o'er,
And found and bound in fetters
Threefold the grisly boar
One dragged him at a rope's end
E'en as a vanquished foe ,
One went behind and drove him
And smote him with his bow .
On paced the creature feebly ,
He feared Cythera so.

To him said Aphrodité

“ So, worst of beasts ’twas you
Who rent that thigh asunder

Who him that loved me slew ? ”
And thus the beast made answer

“ Cithæra, hear me swear
By thee, by him that loved thee,
And by these bonds I wear
And them before whose hounds I ran—
I meant no mischief to the man
Who seemed to thee so fair

“ As on a carven statue
Men gaze, I gazed on him,
I seemed on fire with mad desire
To kiss that offered him
My ruin, Aphrodité,
Thus followed from my whim

“ Now therefore take and punish
And fairly cut away
These all unruly tusks of mine,
For to what end serve they ?
And if thine indignation
Be not content with this,

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

Cut off the mouth that ventured
To offer him a kiss"—

But Aphrosité pitied
And bade them loose his chain,
The bear from that day forward
Still followed in her train;
Nor ever to the wildwood
Attempted to return,
But in the fens of Deane
Preferred to born and burn.

IDYLL XXXI.

Robert.

AH for this the most accursed, unendurable of ills !
Nigh two months a fevered fancy for a maid my
bosom fills.

Fair she is, as other damsels but for what the sim-
plest swain

Cleims from the demorest maiden, I must sue and sue
in vain.

Yet doth now this thing of evil my longsuffering heart
beguile,

Though the utmost she vouchsafes me is the shadow of
a smile :

And I soon shall know no respite, have no solace e'en
in sleep.

Yesterday I watched her pass me, and from down-
dropt eyelids peep

At the face she dared not gaze on—every moment
blushing more—

And my love took hold upon me as it never took before.

LOVES.

Home I went a wounded creature, with a
my heart,
And unto the soul within me did my

“Soul, why deil with me in this wise? Sh
folly know no bound?

Canst thou look upon these temples, with their
silver crowned,
And still deem thee young and shapely? Nay,
soul, let us be sage,
Act as they that have already sipped the wisdom c
of age

Men have loved and have forgotten Happiest of all
is he
To the lover's woes a stranger, from the lover's fetters
free

Lightly his existence passes, as a wild deer fleeing
fast

Tamed it may be, he shall voyage in a maiden's wake
at last

Still to day 'tis his to revel with his mates in boyhood's
flowers

As to thee, thy brain and marrow passion evermore
devours,

Prey to memories that haunt thee e'en in visions of the
night,

And a year shall scarcely pluck thee from thy miserable
plight "

Such and divers such reproaches did I heap upon my
soul

And my soul in turn made answer — " Whoso deems
he can control

Wily love, the same shall lightly gaze upon the stars
of heaven

And declare by what their number overpasses seven
times seven

Will I, nill I, I may never from my neck his yoke un-
loose

So, my friend, a god hath willed it he whose plots
could outwit Zeus,

And the queen whose home is Cyprus I, a leaflet of
to-day,

I whose breath is in my nostrils, am I wrong to own
his away ? "

FRAGMENT FROM THE "BERENICE"

YE that would fain net fish and wealth withal,
For bare existence harrowing yonder mere,
To this our *Lady* slay at even fall
That holy fish, which since it hath no peer
For gloss and sheen, the dwellers about here
Have named the Silver Fish This done, let down
Your nets, and draw them up, and never fear
To find them empty * * * *

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

I

YOURS be yon dew steep'd roses, yours be yon
Thick clustering ivy, maids of Helicon
Thine, Pythian Pæan, that dark fobaged bay,
With such thy Delphian crags thy front array
This horn'd and shaggy ram shall stain thy shrine,
Who crops e'en now the feathering turpentine

II.

TO Pan doth white limbed Daphnis offer here
 (He once piped sweetly on his herdsman's flute)
 His reeds of many a stop, his barbed spear,
 And scrip, wherein he held his hoards of fruit.

III.

DAPHNIS, thou slumberest on the leaf-strown lee,
 Thy frame at rest, thy springes newly spread
 O'er the fell-side. But two are hunting thee:
 Pan, and Priapus with his fair young head
 Hung with wau my See! they come, they leap
 Into thy lair—fly, fly,—shake off the coil of sleep!

IV.

FOR you oaken avenue, swain, you must steer,
 Where a statue of figwood, you'll see, has been set
 It has never been barked, has three legs and no ear,
 But I think there is life in the patriarch yet
 He is handsomely shrined within fair chapel-walls,
 Where, fringed with sweet cypress and myrtle and
 hay,

A stream ever-fresh from the rock's hollow falls,
 And the ringleted vine her ripe store doth display
 And the blackbirds, those shrill piping songsters, of
 spring,

Wake the echoes with wild inarticulate song
 And the notes of the nightingale plaintively ring,
 As she pours from her dun throat her lay sweet and
 strong

Sitting there, to Priapus, the gracious one, pray
 That the lore he has taught me I soon may uncon-
 Say I'll give him a kid, and in case he says nay
 To this offer, three victims to him will I burn,
 A kid, a fleeced ram, and a lamb sleek and fat,
 He will listen, mayhap, to my prayers upon that

V

PRYTHLE, sing something sweet to me—you that
can play

First and second at once Then I too will essay
To croak on the pipes and you lad shall salute
Our ears with a melody breathed through his flute
In the cave by the green oak our watch we will keep,
And goatish old Pan we'll defraud of his sleep

VI

POOR Thyrsus! What boots it to weep out thine
eyes?

Thy lad was a fair one, I own
But the wolf with his cruel claw made her his prize,
And to darkness her spirit hath flown
Do the dogs cry? What boots it? In spite of their cries
There is left of her never a bone

VII

For a Statue of Aesculapius

FAR as Miletus travelled Pæan's son,
There to be guest of Nicias, guest of one
Who heals all sickness, and who still reveres
Him, for his sake this cedarn image rears
The sculptor's hand right well did Nicias fill,
And here the sculptor lavished all his skill.

VIII

Ortho's Epitaph.

FRIEND, Ortho of Syracuse gives thee this charge:
 Never venture out, drunk, on a wild winter's night.
 I did so and died My possessions were large,
 Yet the turf that I'm clad with is strange to me quite.

II.

Epitaph of Cleonicus.

MAN, husband existence ne'er launch on the sea
 Out of season our tenure of life is but frail.
 Think of poor Cleonicus: for Phœbus smil'd him
 From the valleys of Syria, with many a bale.
 With many a bale, ocean's tides he would stem
 When the Pleiads were sinking, and ho sail with them.

I.

For a Statue of the Muses

TO you this marble statue, maids divine,
 Xenocles raised, one tribute unto mine.
 Your votary all admit him. by this skill
 He gat him fame: and you he honours still.

XIV

Epitaph of Eurymedon

THOU hast gone to the grave, and abandoned thy son
 Yet a babe, thy own manhood but scarcely begun
 Thou art throned among gods and thy country will
 take
 Thy child to her heart, for his brave father's sake

XV.

Another

PROVE, traveller, now, that you honour the brave
 Above the poltroon, when he's laid in the grave,
 By murmuring 'Peace to Eurymedon dead'
 The turf should lie light on so sacred a head

XVI

For a Statue of the Heavenly Aphrodite

APHRODITE stands hero, she of heavenly birth,
 Not that base one who's wooed by the children of
 earth
 'Tis a goddess, bow down And one blemishless all,
 Chrysogonè, placed her in Amphicles' hall
 Chrysogonè's heart, as her children, was his,
 And each year they knew better what happiness is
 For, Queen, at life's outset they made thee their friend,
 Religion is policy too in the end

XVII.

To Epicharmus.

READ these lines to Epicharmus They are Dorian,
as was he

The sire of Comedy

Of his proper self hereavèd, Bacchus, unto thee we rear

His brazen image here,

We in Syracuse who sojourn, elsewhere born. Thus
much we can

Do for our countryman,

Mindful of the debt we owe him For, possessing
ample store

Of legendary lore,

Many a wholesome word, to pilot youths and maids
thro' life, he spake

We honour him for their sake.

XVIII.

Epitaph of Cleuta, Nurse of Medea.

THE babe Medea to his Thracian nurse

This stone—inscribed *To Cleuta*—reared in the
midhighway

Her modest virtues oft shall men rehearse ;

Who doubts it ? is not ' Cleuta's worth ' a proverb to
this day ?

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

XIX.

To Archilochus.

PAUSE, and scan well Archilochus, the bard of elder
 days,
 By east and west
 Ahke's contest
 The mighty lyrist's praise.
 Dehan Apollo loved him well, and well the sister-choir;
 His songs were fraught
 With subtle thought,
 And matchless was his lyre.

XX.

Under a Statue of Peisander,

WHO WROTE 'THE LABOURS OF HERACLES.

HE whom ye gaze on was the first
 That in quaint song the deeds rehearsed
 Of him whose arm was swift to smite,
 Who dared the lion to the fight.
 That tale, so strange, so manifold,
 Peisander of Cameirus told.
 For this good work, thou may'st be sure,
 His country placed him here,
 In solid brass that shall endure
 Through many a month and year.

XII

Epitaph of Hipponax.

BEHOLD Hipponax' burialplace,
 A true hard's grave
 Approach it not, if you're a base
 And base born knave
 But if your aires were honest men
 And unblamed you,
 Sit down thereon serenely then,
 And eke sleep too.

Tuneful Hipponax rests him here,
 Let no base rascal venture near
 Ye who rank high in birth and mind
 Sit down—and sleep, if so inclined.

XIII

On his own Beck.

NOT my namesake of Chios, but I, who belong
 To the Syracuse burghers, have sung you my song.
 I'm Praxagoras' son by Philinea the fair,
 And I never asked praise that was owing elsewhere.

VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I

MELIBŒUS TITYRUS

M

STRETCHED in the shadow of the broad heech,
thou

Rehearsest, Tityrus on the slender pipe
Thy woodland music We our fatherland
Are leaving, we must shun the fields we love
While, Tityrus, thou, at ease amid the shade,
Bidd'st answering woods call Amaryllis 'fair'

T O Melibœus ! 'Tis a god that made
For me this holiday for god I'll aye
Account him , many a young lamb from my fold
Shall stain his altar Thanks to him, my kine to
Range, as thou seest them thanks to him, I
play

What songs I list upon my shepherd's pipe
M For me, I grudge thee not, I marvel much
So sore a trouble is in all the land
Lo ! feeble *I* am driving hence my goats—

Nay *dragging*, Tityrus, one, and that with pain
 For, yearning here amidst the hazel-stems,
 She left her twin kids—on the naked flint
 She left them, and I lost my promised flock
 This evil, I remember, oftentimes, 20
 (Had not my wits been wandering,) oaks fore-
 told

By heaven's hand smitten oft the wicked crow
 Croaked the same message from the rifted
 helm

—Yet tell me, Tityrus, of this 'God' of thine
 T The city men call Rome my folly deemed
 Was e'en like this of ours, where week by week
 We shepherd's journey with our weanling flocks
 So whelp to dog, so kid (I knew) to dam
 Was likest and I judged great things by
 small

But o'er all cities this so lifts her head, 30
 As doth o'er oases hith the cypress tree

M What made thee then so keen to look on Rome?
 T Freedom who marked, at last, my helpless
 state

Now that a whiter beard than that of yore
 Fell from my razor still she marked, and
 came

(All late) to help me—now that all my thought
 Is Amaryllis, Galatea gone

While Galatea's, I despaired, I own,
Of freedom, and of thrift Though from my
farm

Full many a victim steep'd, though rich the
cheese 40

Pressed for you thankless city still my hand
Returned not, heavy with brass pieces, home

M I wondered, Amaryllis, whence that woe,
And those appeals to heav'n for whom the
peach

Hung undisturbed upon the parent tree
'Tityrus was gone! Why, Tityrus pine and rill,
And all these copses, cried to thee, "Come
home!"

T What could I do? I could not step from out
My bonds, nor meet, save there, with *Pow*'rs
so kind

There, Meliboeus, I beheld that youth 50
For whom each year twelve days my altars
smoke

Thus answered he my yet unanswered prayer,
"Feed still my lads, your line, and yoke
your bulls"

M Happy old man! Thy lands are yet thine own!
Lands broad enough for thee, although bare
stones

And marsh choke every field with reedy mud

Where, piles of shadow, thick the beeches rose :
There, all alone, his unwrought phrases flang,
Bootless as passionate, to copse and crag.

“ Hardhearted ! Naught car'st thou for all my
songs,

Naught pitiest. I shall die, one day, for thee.
The very cattle court cool shadows now,
Now the green lizard lades beneath the thorn : 10
And for the reaper, faint with driving heat,
The handmaids mix the garbico-salad strong.
My only mates, the crickets—as I track
'Neath the fierce sun thy steps—make shrill the
woods.

Better to endure the passion and the pride
Of *Amaryllis* : better to endure
Menalcas—dark albeit as thou art fair.
Put not, oh fair, in difference of hue
Faith overmuch : the white May-blossoms drop
And die, the hyacinth swart, men gather it. 20
Thy scorn am I : thou ask'st not whence I am,
How rich in snowy flocks, how stored with milk,
O'er Sicily's green hills a thousand lambs
Wander, all mine : my new milk fails me not
In summer or in snow Then I can sing
All songs Amphion the Dircman sang,
Piping his flocks from Attic Aracynth.
Nor am I all uncount. For yesterday,

When winds had laid the seas, I, from the shore,
Beheld my image Little need I fear 30
Daphnis, though thou wert judge, or mirrors lie
—Oh ! be content to haunt ungentle fields,
A cottager, with me, bring down the stag,
And with green switch drive home thy flocks of kids
Like mine, thy woodland songs shall rival Pan's !
—'Twas Pan first taught us reed on reed to fit
With wax Pan watches herd and herdsman too
—Nor blush that reeds should chase thy pretty lip
What pains Amyntas took, this skill to gain !
I have a pipe—seven stalks of different lengths 40
Compose it—which Daphnis gave me once
Dying he said, “ At last 'tis all thine own ”
The fool Amyntas heard, and grudged, the praise
Two fawns moreover (perilous was the gorge
Down which I tracked them) —dappled still each
skin—

Drain daily two ewe udders, all for thee
Long Thestylis has cried to make them hers
Here be they—since to thee my gifts are dress

Be mine, oh fairest ! See ! for thee the Nymphs
Bear baskets lily laden Naiads bright 50
For thee crop poppy crests and violets pale,
With daffodil and fragrant fennel bloom
Then, weaving casia in and all sweet things,

Soft hyacinth paint with yellow marigold
 Apples I'll bring thee, bear with tender bloom,
 And chestnuts—which my Amaryllis loved,
 And waxen plums let plums too have their day
 And thee I'll pluck oh bay, and, myrtle, thee
 Its neighbour neighboured thus your sweets shall
 mix

—Pooh! Thou'rt a yokel, Corydon Thy love 60
 Laughs at thy gifts if gifts must win the day,
 Rich is Iolas. What thing have I,
 Poor I, been asking—while the winds and bears
 Ran riot in my pools and o'er my flowers?

—Yet, fool, whom fleest thou? Gods have dwelt in
 woods,

And Dardian Paris Citadels let her
 Who built them, Pallas, haunt green woods for me
 Grim lions hunt the wolf and wolves the kid,
 And kids at play the clover bloom I hunt
 Thee only each one drawn to what he loves 70
 See! trailing from their necks the line bring home
 The plough, and, as he sinks the sun draws out
 To twice their length the shadows Still I burn
 With love For what can end or alter love?

Thou'rt raving, simply raving, Corydon
 Clings to thy leafy elm thy half pruned vine

Why not begin, at least, to plait with twigs
 And humber reeds some useful homely thing ?
 Thou 'lt find another love, if scorned by this

ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS DAMOCLES PALAMON

M

WHOSE flock, Damocles ? Melibœus's ?

D No Ægon's Ægon left it in my care

M Unlockiest of flocks ! Your master courts
 Nereus, wondering if she like me more
 Meanwhile a stranger milks you twice an hour,
 Saps the flocks' strength, and robs the suckling
 lambs

D Yet fling more charily such words at *men*
 You—while the goats looked goatish—we
 know who,
 And in what chapel—(but the kind Nymphs
 laughed)—

M Then (was it ?) when they saw me Micon's
 shrubs 10
 And young vines hacking with my rascally
 knife ?

Both count the flock twice daily, one the kids,
 But what you'll own far handsomer, I'll stake
 (Since you will be so mad) two beechen cups,
 The carved work of the great Alcimedon
 O'er them the chiseller's skill has traced a vine
 That drapes with ivy pale her wide-flung curls.
 Two figures in the centre Conon one, 40
 And—what's that other's name, who'd take a
 wand

And shew the nation how the year goes round,
 When you should reap, when stoop behind the
 plough?

No'er yet my lips came near them, safe hid up

D. *For me two cups the selfsame workman made,
 And clasped with lissom bray the handles
 round .*

Orpheus i' the centre, with the woods behind
No'er yet my lips came near them, safe hid up
 —This talk of cups, if on my cow you've fixed
 Your eye, is idle

M. *Nay you'll not this day 50*

Escape me Name your spot, and I'll be there
 Our umpire be—Palamon, here he comes!
 I'll teach you how to challenge folks to sing

D *Come on, if aught is in you I'm not loth,
 I shrink from no man Only, neighbour, thou
 (Tis no small matter) lay this well to heart.*

P Say on, since now we sit on softest grass,
 And now buds every field and every tree,
 And woods are green, and passing fair the year
 Damoetas, lead Menalcas follow next 60
 Sing verse for verse such songs the Muses love

D With Jove we open Jove fills everything,
 He walks the earth he listens when I sing
M Me Phoebus loves I still have offerings meet
 For Phoebus bay and hyacinth blushing sweet
D Me Galatea pelts with fruit and flies
 (Wild girl) to the woods but first would catch
 my eyes
M Unbid Amyntas comes to me, my flame,
 With Deha's self my dogs are not more tame
D Gifts have I for my fair who marked but I 70
 The place where doves had built their nest sky
 high?
M I've sent my poor gift, which the wild wood
 bore
 Ten golden apples Soon I'll send ten more
D Oft Galatea tells me—what sweet tales!
 Waft to the god's ears just a part, ye gales
M At heart Amyntas loves me Yet what then?
 He mates with hunters, I with servingmen.
D Send me thy Phyllis, good Iolas now
 To-day's my birthday When I slay my cow

To help my harvest—come, and welcome,
 thou So

M Phyllis is my love When we part, she'll cry,
 And fain would bid Iolas' self good bye ¹

D Wolves kill the flocks, and storms the ripened
 corn,

And winds the tree, and me a maiden's scorn

M Rain is the husband's delight, weaned kids the
 vice

Big ewes' like the willow, and one fair face mine

D Pollio loves well this homely muse of mine

For a new votary sat a calf ye ss

M Pollio makes songs For him a bull demand,
 Who butts whose hoofs already spurn the sand

D Who loves thee, Pollio, go where thou art, one
 For him flow honey, thorns sprout cinnamon

M Who loathes not Bavius, let him love thy notes,
 Mævius—and yoke the fox, and milk he goats

D Flowers and ground strawberries while your
 prize ye make,

¹ Putting the vocative "Iolla" in line 79 as Mr Ken edy does into the mouth of Menalcas, not of Phyllis, I would substitute these lines for my original ones —

Phyllis is my dear love She wept when I—
 (Yes I Iollas)—left her and "Good bye".
 She said "Iollas fair; a long Good bye"

Cold in the grass—fly hence, lads—lurks the
snake

M Sheep, banks are treacherous—draw not over-
nigh—

See, now the lordly ram his fleece doth dry

D Tityrus, yon she goats from the river bring
I in due time will wash them at the spring 100

M Call, lads, your sheep—Once more our hands,
should heat

O'ertake the milk, will press in vain the teat.

D How rich these vetches, yet how lean my ox.
Love kills alike the herdsman and the flocks

M My lambs—and here love's not in fault, you'll
own—

Witched by some jealous eye, are skin and bone.

D Say in what land—and great Apollo be
To me—heaven's arch extends just cubits three.

M Say in what lands with kings' names grav'n
are grown

Flowers—and be Phyllis yours and yours
alone. 110

P Not mine such strife to settle—You have earned
A cow, and you—and whose else shall e'er
Shrink from love's sweets or prove his bitter-
ness.

Close, lads, the springs. The meads have
drunk enough.

ECLOGUE IV.

MUSES of Sicily, a loftier song
Wake we! Some tire of shrubs and myrtles
low
Are woods our theme? Then princely be the woods

Come are those last days that the Sybil sang
The ages' mighty march begins anew
Now comes the virgin, Saturn reigns again
Now from high heaven descends a wondrous race
Thou on the newborn babe—who first shall end
That age of iron, bid a golden dawn
Upon the broad world—chaste Lucina, smile 10
Now thy Apollo reigns And, Pollio, thou
Shalt be our Prince, when he that grander age
Opens, and onward roll the mighty moons
Thou, trampling out what prints our crimes have left,
Shalt free the nations from perpetual fear
While he to bliss shall waken, with the Blest
See the Brave mingling, and be seen of them,
Ruling that world o'er which his father's arm shed
pence —

On thee, child, everywhere shall earth, untilled,
Show'r, her first baby offerings, vagrant stems 20
Of ivy, foxglove, and gay briar, and bean,
Unbid the goats shall come big uddered home,
Nor monstrous lions scare the herded kine
Thy cradle shall be full of pretty flowers
Die must the serpent treacherous poison plants
Must die, and Syria's roses spring like weeds

But, soon as thou canst read of hero-deeds
Such as thy father wrought, and understand
What is true worth the champaign day by day
Shall grow more yellow with the waving corn, 30
From the wild bramble purpling then shall hang
The grape, and stubborn oaks drop honeydew
Yet traces of that goale of elder days
Shall linger, bidding men tempt seas in ships,
Gird towns with walls, cleave furrows in the land
Then a new Tiphys shall arise, to man
New argosies with heroes then shall be
New wars, and once more shall be bound for Troy,
A mightier Achilles

After this,

When thou hast grown and strengthened into
man,
The pilot's self shall range the seas no more, 41
Nor, each land teeming with the wealth of all,

The floating pines exchange their merchandise
Vines shall not need the pruning hook, nor earth
The harrow ploughmen shall unyoke their steers
Nor then need wool be taught to counterfeit
This hue and that At will the meadow ram
Shall change to saffron, or the gurgons tints
Of Tyre, his fair fleece, and the grazing lamb
At will put crimson on

So grand an age 50

Did those three Sisters bid their spindles spin,
Three, telling with one voice the changeless will of
Fate

Oh draw—the time is all but present—near
To thy great glory, cherished child of heaven,
Jove's mighty progeny! And lo! the world,
The round and ponderous world, bows down to thee,
The earth, the ocean tracts, the depths of heaven
Lo! nature revels in the coming age
Oh! may the evening of my days last on,
May breath be mine, till I have told thy deeds! 60
Not Orpheus then, not Ianus, shall outsing
Me though each vaunts his mother or his sire,
Calliopea this, Apollo that
Let Pan strive with me, Arcady his judge,
Pan, Arcady his judge, shall yield the palm.

Learn, tiny babe to read a mother's smile
 Already ten long months have wearied her
 Learn, tiny babe Him, who ne'er knew such smiles,
 Nor god nor goddess bids to board or bed

ECLOGUE V

MENALCAS MOPSUS

Me

MOPSUS, suppose, now two good men have
 met—

You at fate blowing, as at verses I—

We sit down here, where elm and hazel mix

Mo Menalcas, meet it is that I obey

Mine elder Lead, or into shade—that shifts

At the wind's fancy—or (mayhap the best)

Into some cave See here a cave o'er which

A wild vine flings her flimsy foliage 8

Me On these hills one—Amyntas—vies with you

Mo Suppose he thought to outsing Phœbus' self?

Me Mopsus, begin If aught you know of flames
 That Phyllis kindles aught of Alcon's worth,
 Or Codrus a ill temper, then begin

Tityrus meanwhile will watch the grazing kids.

Mo Ay, I will sing the song which t'other day
On a green beech's bark I cut, and scored
The music, as I wrote Hear that, and bid
Amyntas vie with me

Me. As willow lites
Yields to pale olive, as to crimson beds
Of roses yields the lowly lavender, 20
So, to my mind, Amyntas yields to you

Mo But, lad, no more we are within the cave

(*Sings*) The Nymphs wopt Daphnis, slain by
ruthless death

Ye, streams and hazels, were their witnesses
When, clasping tight her son's unhappy corpse,
"Ruthless," the mother cried, "are gods and
stars "

None to the cool brooks led in all those days,
Daphnis, his fed flocks no four-footed thing
Steoped to the pool, or cropped the meadow-
grass 29

How lions of the desert mourned thy death,
Forests and mountains wild proclaim aloud
'Twas Daphnis taught mankind to yoke in cars
The tiger, lead the winegod's revel on,
And round the tough spear twine the bending
leaf.

Vines are the green wood's glory, grapes the
vine's

The bull the cattle's, and the rich lan l's corn
Thou art thy people's When thou meist thy
doom,

Both Pales and Apollo left our fields
In furrows where we dropped big barley seed,
Spring now rank darnel and the barren reed
Not violet soft and shining daffodil, 41
But thistles rear themselves and sharp spiked
thorn

Shepherds, strow earth with leaves, and hang
the springs

With darkness! Daphnis asks of you such
rites

And raise a tomb, and place this rhyme thereon
"Famed in the green woods, famed beyond
the skies,

A fair flock's furer lord, here Daphnis lies "

Me Welcome thy song to me, oh sacred bard,
As, to the weary, sleep upon the grass
As, in the summer-heat, a bubbling spring 50
Of sweetest water, that shall slake our thirst
In song, as on the pipe, thy master's match,
Thou, gifted lad, shalt now our master be
Yet will I sing in turn, in my poor way,

My song, and raise thy Daphnis to the stars—

Raise Daphnis to the stars He loved me too

Mo Could aught in my eyes such a boon outweigh?

Song-worthy was thy theme and Stymphon

Told me long since of that same lay of thine

Me (*Sings*) Heaven's unfamiliar floor, and clouds
and stars, 60

Fair Daphnis, wondering, sees beneath his feet

Therefore gay revellies fill wood and field,

Pan, and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids

Wolves plot not harm to sheep, nor nets to
deer,

Because kind Daphnis makes it holiday

The unshorn mountains fling their jubilant voice

Up to the stars the crags and copies shout

Aloud, "A god, Menelaos, lo! a god"

Oh! be thou kind and good unto thine own!

Behold four altars, Daphnis two for thee, 70

Two, piled for Phœbos Thereupon I'll place

Two cups, with new milk foaming, year by
year,

Two goblets filled with richest olive-oil—

And, first with much wine making glad the
feast—

At the fireside in snowtime, 'neath the trees

In harvest—pour, rare nectar, from the can

The wines of Chios Lyctian Ægon then

Shall sing me songs, and to Dæmocras' pipe
 Alpheusæus dance his Satyr dance
 And this shalt thou lack never when we pay
 The Nymphs our vows, and when we cleanse
 the fields 81
 While bears haunt mountain heights, and fishes
 streams,
 Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew,
 Thy name, thy needs thy glory shall abide
 As Bacchus and as Ceres, so shalt thou
 Year after year the shepherd's vows receive,
 So bind him to the letter of his vow

Mo What can I give thee, what, for such a song?
 Less sweet to methocoming South wind's sigh,
 The sea wave breaking on the shore, the noise
 Of rivers, rushing through the stony vales 91

Me First I shall offer you this brittle pipe
 This taught me how to sing, "For one far
 face "

This taught me "Whose sock? Melibœus's?"

Mo Take thou this crook, which oft Antigones
 Asked—and he then was loveable—in vain,
 Brass tipped and even knotted—beautiful

ECLOGUE VI

MY muse first stooped to trifle, like the Greek's,
In numbers, and, unblushing, dwelt in woods
I sang embattled kings but Cynthus plucked
My ear, and warned me "Tityrus, fittest should be
A shepherd's wethers, but his lays then drawn"
So—for enough and more will strive to tell,
Varus, thy deeds, and pile up grisly wars—
On pipe of straw will I my wood notes sing
I sing not all unbid Yet oh! should one
Smitten by great love, should one read this my lay—
Then with thee, Varus, shall our myrtle groves,
And all these copses, ring Right dearly loves
Phœbus the page that opens with thy name

On, sisters!

—Chromis and Mnasylus saw
(Two lads) Silenus in a cave asleep
As usual, swoln with yesterday's debauch
Just where it fell his garland lay hard by,
And on worn handle hung his ponderous can
They—for the old man oft had cheated each
Of promised songs—draw near, and make his
wreaths

Fetters to bind him A gle makes a third,
 (A gle, the lovehest of the Naid maids.)
 To back their fears and, as his eyes uncloze,
 Paints brow and temples red with mulberry
 He, laughing at the trick, cries, "Wherefore weave
 These fetters? Lads, unhird me 'tis enough
 But to have seemed to have me in your power.
 Ye ask a song, then listen You I'll pay
 With song for her I've other meed in store "
 And forthwith he begins Then right you see 30
 More to the music Faun and forest beast,
 And tall oaks bow their heads Not so delights
 Parnassus in Apollo not so charmed
 At Orpheus Rhodope and Ismarus

For this he sang —How, drawn from that vast
 void,

Gathered the germs of earth and air and sea
 And liquid flame How the Beginning sprung
 Thence, and the young world waxed into a ball
 Then Earth, grown harder, walled the sea-god off
 In seas, and slowly took substantial form 40
 Till on an awed world dawned the wondrous sun,
 And straight from heaven by clouds unbroken, fell
 The showers as woods first bourgeoned, here and
 there

A wild beast wandering over hills unknown,

Of Pyrrha casting stones, and Saturn's reign,
The stolen fire, the eagles of the rock,
He sings - and then, beside what spring last seen
The sailors called for Hylas—till the shore
All rang with 'Hylas,' 'Hylas.'—and consoles
(Happy if horned herds never had been born,) 50
With some fair bullock's love Pasiphae.

Ah! hapless maid! What madness this of thine?
Once a king's daughters made believe to low,
And ranged the leas but neither stooped to ask
Those base beasts' love: though each had often
feared

To find the ploughman's gear about her neck,
And felt on her smooth brow for hudding horns
Ah! hapless maid! Thou roam'st from hill to hill
He under some dark oak—his snowy side
Cushioned on hyacinths—chews the pale-green
grass, 60

Or woos some favourite from the herd "Close,
Nymphs,

Dictate Nymphs, oh close the forest-glades!
If a bull's random footprints by some chance
Should greet me! Lured, may be, by greener grass,
Or in the herd's wake following, vagrant kine
May bring him straight into my father's fold!"
—Then sings he of that maid who paused to gaze
At the charmed apple:—and surrounds with moss,

Bitter tree-moss, the daughters of the Sun,
 Till up they spring tall alders —Then he sings 70
 How Gallus, wandering to Parnassus' stream,
 A sister led to the Aonian hills,
 And, in a mortal's honour, strught uprose
 The choir of Phœbus How that priest of song,
 The shepherd Laus,—all his hair with flowers
 And bitter parsley shining,—spake to him
 "Take—lo! the Muses give it thee—this pipe,
 Once that A-craæn's eld to this would he
 Sing till the stardy mountain-ash came down
 Sing thou on this, whence sprang Æolia's grove, 80
 Till in no wood Apollo glory more "

So on and on he sang —How Nisus, famed
 In story, troubled the Dulichian ships,
 And in the deep seas bid her sea-dogs rend
 The trembling sailors Terens' tale he told,
 How he was changed what banquet Philomel,
 What present, decked for him and how she flew
 To the far wilderness, and flying paused—
 (Poor thing)—to flutter round her ancient home

All songs which one day Phœbus sang to
 charmed 90

Enrotas—and the laurels learnt them off—
 He sang. The thrilled vales fling them to the stars
 Till He-per bade them bouse and count their flocks,
 And journeyed all unwelcome up the sky.

ECLOGUE VII

MELIBEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS

M

DAPHNIS was seated 'neath a murmurous
oak,

When Corydon and Thyrsis (so it chanced)
Had driv'n their two flocks—one of sheep, and
one

Of teeming goats—together herdsmen both,
Both in life a spring, and able well to sing
Or, challenged, to reply To that same spot
I, guarding my young myrtles from the frost,
Find my goat strayed, the patriarch of the
herd

And straight spy Daphnis He, espying me
In turn, cries, "Melibeus! Hither quick! so
Thy goat, and kids, are safe And if thou
hast

An hour to spare, sit down beneath the shade
Hither unbid will troop across the leas
The kine to drink green Mincius fringes here
His banks with delicate bullrush, and a noise
Of wild bees rises from the sacred oak "

What could I do? Alcippe I had none,
 Nor Phyllis, to shut up my new-weaned lambs
 Then, there was war on foot—a mighty war—
 Thyrsis and Corydon!—So in the end 20
 I made my business wait upon their sport—
 So singing verse for verse—that well the Muse
 Might mark it—they began their singing-
 match

Thus Corydon, thus Thyrsis sang in turn

(They sing)

O “Ye Fountain Nymphs, my loves! Grant me
 to sing

Lake Codrus—next Apollo drank his lines—
 Or here—if all may scarce do everything—

I’ll hang my pipe up on these sacred pines’

T. “Swains! a new minstrel deck with ivy now,
 Till Codrus burst with envy! Or, should
 he 30

Flatter o’ermuch, twine foxglove o’er my brow,
 Lest his knife’s flattery spoil the bard to be”

O “To Dian, from young Micon this boar’s head,
 And these broad antlers of a veteran buck’
 Full-length in marble—ankle bound with red
 Buskins—I’ll rear her, should to-day bring
 luck”

T “Ask but this bowl, Priapus, and this cake
 Each year for poor the garden thou dost
 keep.

Our small means made thee marble : whom
we'll make

Of gold, should lambing multiply our
sheep " 40

O. " Maid of the seas ! more sweet than Hybla's
thyme,

Graceful as ivy, white as is the swan !

When home the fed flock wand'ring at evening's
prime,

Then come—if aught thou crav'st for Cory-
don "

T. " Hark ! bitterer than wormwood may I be,
Bristling as broom, as drifted sea-weed cheap,
If this day seem not a long year to me !

Home, home for very shame, my o'er-fed
sheep ! "

O. " Ye mossy rills, and lawns more soft than
dreams, 49

Thinly roofed over by these leaves of green
From the great heat—now summer's come
now teems

The jocund vine with buds—my cattle
screen "

T. " Warm hearth, good faggots, and great fires
you'll find

In my home black with smoke are all its
planks :

ECLOGUE VIII

ALPHESIBÆUS'S and Damon's muse—
A Charmed by whose strife the steer forgot to
graze,

Whose notes made lynxes motionless, and bade
Rivers turn back and listen—sing we next
Alphesibæus's and Damon's muse

Winn'st thou the crags of great Timavus now,
Or skirtest strands where break Illyrian seas?
I know not But oh when shall that day dawn
When I may tell thy deeds? give earth thy lays,
That match alone the pomp of Sophocles? 10
With thee began, with thee shall end, my song
Accept what thou didst ask, and round thy brow
Twine this poor ivy with thy victor bays

'Twas at the hour when night's cold shadow scarce
Had left the skies, when, hlest by herdsmen, hangs
The dewdrop on the grass, that Damon leaned
On his smooth olive staff, and thus began

"Wake, morning star! Prevent warm day, and
come!

While, doped and bumbled, I—because I loved
 Nisa with all a husband's love—complain, 20
 And call the gods, (though naught their cognizance
 Aailed,) at my last hour, a dying man.
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

“ There forests murmur aye, and pines discourse,
 And lovelorn swains, and Pan, who first reclaimed
 From idleness the reed, hath audience there,
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

“ Nisa—is aught impossible in love?—
 Is given to Mopsus Griffins next will mate
 With mares our children see the coward deer 30
 Come with the hound to drink Go, shape the
 torch,

Mopsus! sing, bridegroom, nuts! Thou lead'st a
 wife

Home, and o'er Eta peers the evening star
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

“ Oh, mated with a worthy husband! thou
 Who scorn'st mankind—abhorr'st this pipe, these
 goats

Of mine, and shaggy brows, and hanging beard
 Nor think'st that gods can see what mortals do!
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady.

"Within our orchard walls I saw thee first
A wee child with her mother—(I was sent
To guide yon)—gathering apples wet with dew
Ten years and one I scarce had numbered then
Could scarce on tiptoe reach the brittle boughs
I saw, I fell, I was myself no more
Begin, my lute, a song of Arcady

"Now know I what love is On hard rocks
born

born
Timaros, or Rhodope, or they who dwell
In utmost Africa do father him,
No child of mortal blood or lineage
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

"In her son's blood a mother dipped her hands
At fierce love's bidding Hard was her heart
too—

too—
Which harder? her heart or that knavish boy's?
Knavish the boy, and hard was her heart too,
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

"Now let the wolf first torn and fly the sheep:
Hard oaks bear golden apples daffodil
Bloom on the alder and from myrtle-stems
Ooze richest amber I et owls vie with swans;
And be as Orpheus—Orpheus in the woods,

Arion with the dolphins—every swain, 62
(Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady)

“And earth become mid ocean Woods,
farewell!

Down from some breezy mountain height to
the waves

I'll fling me. Take this last gift ere I die.
Unlearn, my flute, the songs of Arcady.”

Thus Damon. How the other made reply
Sing, sisters Scarce may all do everything.

“Fetch water wreath yon altar with soft
wool. 70

And burn rich vervain and brave frankincense;
That I may try my lord's clear sense to warp
With dark rites Naught is lacking save the
songs.

Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city
home.

“Songs can bring down the very moon from
heaven

Circe with songs transformed Ulysses' crew.
Songs shall in sunder burst the cold grass
snake

Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city
home.

" Three threads about thee, of three several hues,
I twine, and thrice—(odd numbers please the
god)—

80

Carry thy image round the altar stones
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

" Weave, Amaryllus, in three knots three hues
Just weave and say ' I'm weaving chains of love '
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

" As this clay hardens, melts this wax, at once
And the same flame so Daphnis 'neath my love
Strew meal, and light with pitch the crackling hay
Daphnis burns me, for Daphnis burn these bays
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home 90

" Be his such longing as the heifer feels
When, faint with seeking her lost mate through
copse

And deepest grove, beside some water-brook
In the green grass she sinks in her despair,
Nor cares to yield possession to the night
Be his such longing mine no wish to heal
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

" Pledges of love, these clothes the traitor once
Bequeathed me I commit them, Earth, to thee

Here at my threshold He is bound by these. 100
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

' These deadly plants great Mæris gave to me,
In Pontus plucked in Pontus thousands grow
By their aid have I seen him slink in woods
A wolf, unsepulchred the buried dead,
And charm to other fields the standing corn
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

" Go, Amaryllis, ashes in thy hand
Throw them—and look not backwards—o'er thy
 head

Into a running stream These next I'll try 110
On Daphnis who regards not gods nor songs
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

" See! While I hesitate, a quivering flame
Hath clutched the wood self-resuing from the ash
May this mean good! Something—for Hylas too
Barks at the gate—it must mean Is it true?
Or are we lovers dupes of our own dreams?
Cease, songs, cease Daphnis comes from the city
 home!"

ECLOGUE IX

LYCIDAS MÆRIS

L

MÆRIS, on foot? and on the road to town?

M Oh Lycidas!—we live to tell—how one—

(Who dreamed of this?)—a stranger—holds
our farm,

And says, “’Tis mine its ancient lords,
begone!”

Beaten, cast down—for Chance is lord of all—
We send him—bootlessly mayhap—these kids

L Yet all, I heard, from where we lose yon hills,
With gradual bend down-sloping to the brook,
And those old beeches, broken columns now,
Had your Menalcas rescued by his songs to

M Thou heardst Famo said so But our songs
avail,

Mæris, no more ’mid war-spears than, they say,
Dodona’s doves may, when the eagle stoops
A boding raven from a rifted oak

Warned me, by this means or by that to nip
This strange strife in the bud or dead were
now

Thy Mæris, dead were great Menalcas too

L Could such curse fall on man? Had we so
near

Lost thee, Menalcas, and thy pleasantness?

Who then would sing the nymphs? Who
strow with flowers

The ground, or trim green darkness o'er the
springs?

And oh! that song, which I (saying ne'er a
word)

Copied one day—(while thou wert off to see
My darling, Amarillis,)—from thy notes

“Feed, while I journey but a few short steps,
Tityrus, my goats and, Tityrus, when they’ve
fed,

Lead them to drink and cross not by the way
The he-goat’s path his horns are dangerous”

M But that to Varus, that unfinished one!

“Varus! thy name, if Mantua still be ours—
(Mantua! to poor Cremona all too near,)—
Shall tuneful swans exalt unto the stars”

L Begin, if in thee’s night So may not yows
Of Cyrenus lure thy bees so, clover fed,
Thy cattle teem with milk Me too the muse
Hath made a minstrel I have songs, and me
The swains call ‘poet’ But I heed them not.
For scarce yet sing I as the great ones sing,
But, a goose, cackle among piping swans.

- M* Indeed, I am busy turning o'er and o'er— 40
In hopes to recollect it—in my brain
A song, and not a mean one, Lycidas
“Come, Galateal sport’st thou in the waves’
Here spring is purpling, thick by river banks
Bloom the gay flowers, white poplar climbs
above
The caves, and young vines plait a roof
between
Come! and let mad seas beat against the
shore”
- L* What were those lines that once I heard thee
sing,
All unaccompanied on a summer night—
I know the music, if I had the words 50
- M* “Dionys! why watch those old-world planets
rise?
Lo! onward marches sacred Cæsar’s star,
The star that made the valleys laugh with corn,
And grapes grow ruddier upon sunny hills
Sow, Dionys, pears, whereof thy sons shall
eat”
—Time carries all—our memories e’en—away
Well I remember how my boyish songs 57
Would oft outlast the livelong summer day
And now they’re all forgot! His very voice
Hath Mars lost on Mars we’ve have looked

—But oft thou'lt hear them from Menalcas yet.

L. Thy pleas but draw my passion out. And lo !
All hushed to listen is the wide sea-floor,
And laid the murmurings of the sighing
winds.

And now we're half way there. I can descry
Bianor's grave. Here, Moeris, where the swains
Are raking off the thick leaves, let us sing.

Or, if we fear lost night meanwhile bring up
The rain clouds, singing let us journey on—
(The way will seem less tedious)—journey on
Singing : and I will ease thee of thy load.

M Cease, lad We'll do what lies before us
now :

Then sing our best, when comes the Master
home

ECLOGUE X.

GALLUS

O H Arethuse, let this last task be mine !
One song—a song Lycoris' self may read—
My Gallus asks : who'd grudge one song to him ?
So, when thou shd'st beneath Sicilian seas,

May ne'er salt Doris mix her stream with thine
 Begin and sing—while you blunt muzzles search
 The underwood—of Gallus torn by love
 We lack not audience woods take up the notes
 Where were ye, Naiad Nymphs, in grove or
 glen,
 When Gallus died of unrequited love? 10
 Not heights of Pindus or Parnassus, no
 Aonian Aganippe kept ye then
 Him e'en the laurels wept and myrtle groves
 Stretch'd 'neath the lone cliff, piny Mœnalia
 And chill Lycœum's stones all wept for him
 The sheep stood round They think not scorn
 And think not scorn, O priest of song, of thee
 Sheep for Mœnalia seek beside the brooks
 The shepherds came The lazy herdsmen came
 Came, from the winter acorns dripping wet, 20
 Menalcas "Whence," all ask, "this love of
 thine?"
 Apollo came and, "Art thou mad," he saith,
 'Gallus? Thy love, through bristling camp, and
 snows,
 Tracks now another's steps" Silvanus came,
 Crowned with his woodland glories to and fro
 Rocked the great lilies and the fennel bloom.
 Pan came, Arcadia's Pan (I have seen him, red
 With elder berries and with cinnabar)

"Is there no end?" quoth he "Love heeds not
this

Tears sate not cruel Love nor rills the leas, 30
Nor the bees clover, nor green boughs the goat "

But he rejoins sad faced "Yet sing this song
Upon your hills, Arcadians! none but ye
Can sing Oh! pleasantly will rest my bones,

If pipe of yours shall one day tell my loves
Oh! had I been as you ere I kept your flocks
Or gleaned, a vintager, your mellow grapes!

A Phyllis, an Amyntas—whom you will—
Had been my passion—what if he be dark?

Violets are dark and hyacinths are dark — 40

And now should we be sitting side by side,
Willows around us and a vine o'erhead,

He carolling, or plucking garlands she

—Here ere cold springs Lycons, and soft lawns, 45

And woods with thee I'd here decay and die

Now, for grim war accounted, all for love,

In the fray's centre I await the foe

Thou, in a far land—out the very thought!—

Gazest (ah wilful!) upon Alpine snows

And the froz'n Rhine—without me—all alone! 50

May that frost harm not thee! that jagged ice

Cut ne'er thy dainty feet! I'll go, and play

My stores of music—fashioned for the lyre

Of Chalcis—on the pipe of Arcady

My choice is made In woods, mid wild beasts' dens,
 I'll bear my love, and carve it on the trees
 That with their growth, my loves may grow and
 grow

Banded with nymphs I'll roam o'er Maenalus,
 Or hunt swift boars, and circle with my dogs,
 Unrecking of the cold, Parthenia's glades 60
 Already over crag and ringing grove
 I am borne in fancy laugh as I let loose
 The Cretan arrow from the Parthian bow —

Pooh! will this heal thy madness? will that
 Learn mercy from the agonies of men?

'Tis past again nymphs music, fail to please

~~Agur I ju' the very word Jergura~~ *See Shakespeare*

No deed of mine can change him tho' I drink ^{no} ^{III}

Hebrus in mid December tho' I plunge 64

In snows of Thrace, the dripping winter's snows

Tho', when the parched bark dies on the tall elm,

'Neath Cancer's star I tend the Æthiop's sheep

Love's lord of all Let me too yield to Love

* * * *

- * — Sung are, oh holy ones, your minstrel's songs:
 Who sits here framing pipes with slender reed
 In Gallus' eyes will ye enhance their worth
 Gallus—for whom each hour my passion grows,

As swell green alders when the spring is young.
I rise The shadows are the singer's bane—
Baneful the shadow of the juniper. 80
E'en the flocks like not shadow. Go—the star
Of morning breaks—go home, my full-fed sheep.